WHAT HAMAS WANTS

JOSEPH BRAUDE, YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI, EHUD YAARI

+MARTIN PERETZ ON BERNARD-HENRI LÉVY

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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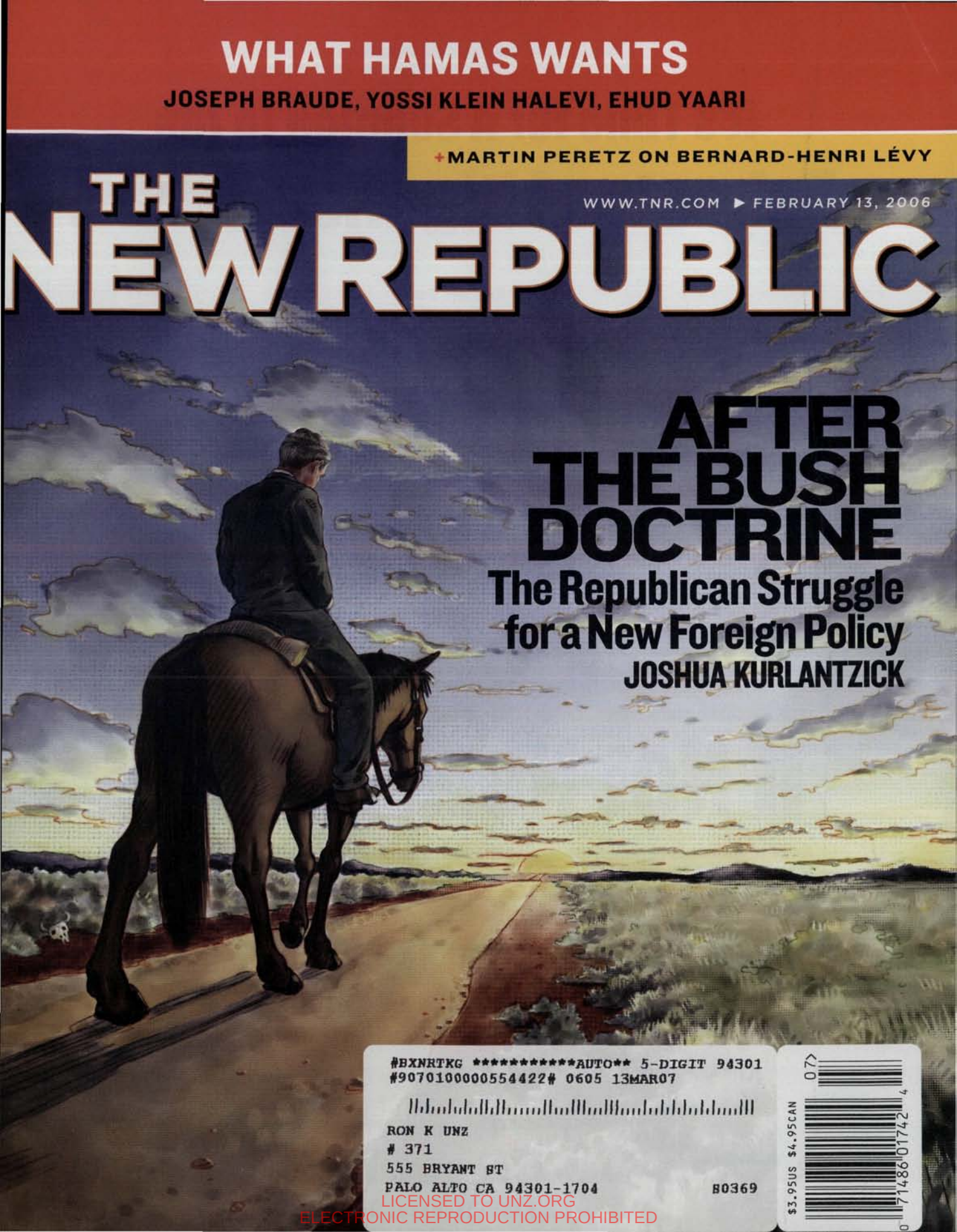

AFTER THE BUSH DOCTRINE

The Republican Struggle for a New Foreign Policy

JOSHUA KURLANTZICK

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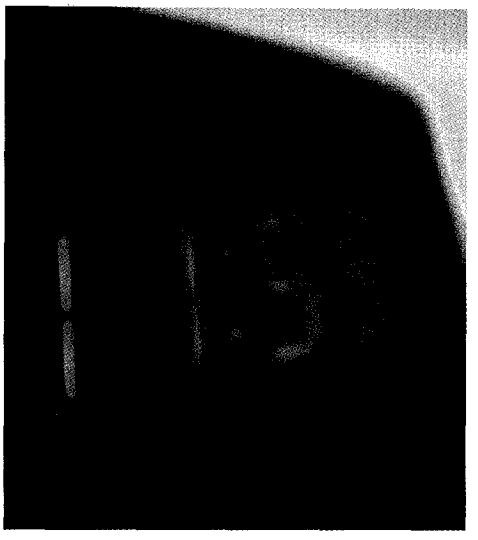
It's Time for A Solution to the Asbestos Litigation Crisis.

New York Times
"A bold change that would leave those most grievously hurt by asbestos better off."

Washington Post
"The last, best chance for fixing the tragically broken asbestos litigation system."

Hartford Courant
"Congress must finally summon the will to act."



Detroit News
"{Congress} should approve reforms that help businesses get costs under control and help victims get compensated."

Wisconsin State Journal
"Offers a far superior way to get money to victims."

If Not Now, When?

After 10 attempts by Congress to end the asbestos litigation crisis, a bipartisan solution is finally within reach. The Senate will soon consider an asbestos trust fund bill. No one said it would be easy. But for the sake of the victims and the economy, we urge the Senate to get the job done. How many more victims have to go uncompensated? How many more companies have to go into bankruptcy? How many more workers have to lose their jobs? How many more retirees have to see their pensions shrink? Never has a solution been so needed. Never has the support been so broad.

We call on the Senate to act quickly—before time runs out.

The Asbestos Study Group | **The Asbestos Alliance**

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Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

FEBRUARY 13, 2006 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,752 VOLUME 234

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CORRESPONDENCE

HARD BLOW

YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI WRITES THAT Acting Prime Minister Ehud Olmert must follow in Ariel Sharon's footsteps, showing he is "not just flexible on territory but hard-line on security" ("Past Perfect," January 23). This ignores the facts. Pulling out of Gaza and uprooting 8,500 Israelis from their homes was not merely a territorial concession that got Israel nothing in return, but also an act that damaged security. Hamas received a boost in popularity in part because of this withdrawal, which helped it win the legislative elections. The head of Israel's security service, Yuval Diskin, points out a sharp increase in missile attacks on Israel—from 48 in October to 277 in December—and says that weapons-smuggling into Gaza has increased by 1,000 percent since the withdrawal. Despite continuing rocket attacks and weapons-smuggling, the government's response has been to fire artillery rounds into empty Gazan fields long after the terrorists have fled. These are not results that suggest a hard line on security—and nothing that Olmert has done since taking over suggests he will change.

MORTON A. KLEIN
National President
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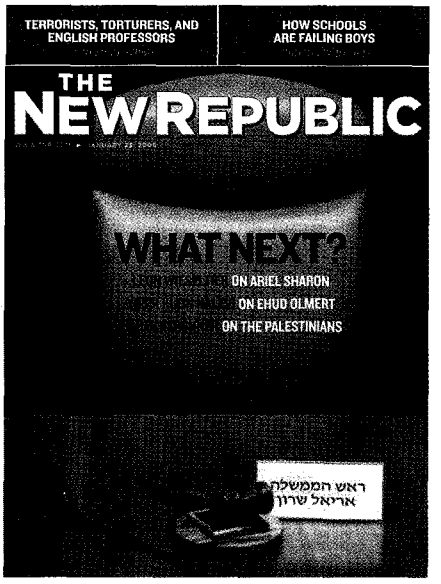
APPELLATION FRUSTRATION

MARTIN PERETZ'S REFLECTION ON the late Eugene McCarthy and the 1968 Democratic presidential primaries brought back a flood of memories ("Keen for Gene," January 16). As a college sophomore, I devoted every free minute to the McCarthy campaign, heading out to San Francisco to work full-time after the semester ended, in anticipation of the crucial California primary in June. I remember how my disappointment at Senator Robert Kennedy's victory in the hard-fought race gave way to shock and grief only a few minutes later when he was gunned down. Shortly after, a TV reporter descended on our campaign headquarters and asked me, on camera, what I, as a McCarthy supporter, thought of the assassination. I was so offended by the formulation of the question that it took me a moment to recover before noting



that partisanship didn't count for squat at such a moment and that all Americans were united in their sense of anguish and loss. With the passage of time, I also became increasingly struck by the anodyne way in which Sirhan Sirhan, Kennedy's killer, was described in the media. He was variously referred to as a "convicted killer" or "assassin" who immigrated to the United States from the Middle East, but, until reading Peretz's piece, nowhere had I seen him described by the words that fit best—"Palestinian terrorist." Indeed, that's exactly what Sirhan was. He was a Palestinian from Jordan who objected to Kennedy's strong support of Israel. I am grateful to Peretz for cutting to the chase and reminding us of the true nature of this horrific crime on U.S. soil.

DAVID A. HARRIS
Executive Director
American Jewish Committee
New York, New York

TEST CASE

RICHARD WHITMIRE WONDERS about "the gap by which high school girls outperformed boys on tests in both reading and writing" ("Boy Trouble," January 23). He does not mention, however, results on the most prominent test of verbal skills, the Scholastic Aptitude Test, on which male college-bound seniors have outperformed girls since 1972. Indeed, over the last three years, the gap has been greater than at any time in the previous decade. (On the mathematics portion, the differential remains, as always, far larger.) These particular results do not imply that all is well with the competitive achievement of boys, but the scores suggest that the evidence is not wholly one-sided.

STEVEN M. CAHN
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CUNY Graduate Center
New York, New York

BEGIN AGAIN?

LEON WIESELTIER WRITES ABOUT Menachem Begin's "refusal to allow [Anwar Sadat's journey to Jerusalem] to annul the geographical dreams of Jewish chauvinism" ("Unsettled," January 23). Refusal? Begin entered into the Camp David accords and signed the Egyptian-Israeli Peace Treaty, which provided a framework for autonomy on the West Bank and in Gaza. Negotiations on the territories' final status were meant to follow, and, although talks ensued, it was Sadat who suspended the negotiations for over a year.

NATHAN DODELL
Rockville, Maryland

LEON WIESELTIER RESPONDS:
The notion that Begin was not an ardent patron of Greater Israel and its settlement is preposterous. His pragmatic "dovishness" about Sinai owed some of its excitement to its tension with his ideological "hawkishness" about the West Bank. In this respect, Begin was decidedly not Sharon's precursor, I mean the new Sharon. The new Sharon—the last Sharon—has no precursor in the Likud, which is why he repudiated it. ■

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 234, Number 5, Issue 4,752, February 13, 2006. (Printed in the United States on February 2, 2006.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 20 & 27, June 5 & 12, July 10 & 17, August 14 & 21, September 11 & 18, and November 27 & December 4, 2006) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Grant Loomis at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2005 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

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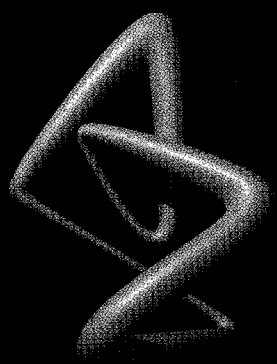

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Special Interest

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

"AMERICA'S VITAL INTERESTS and our deepest beliefs are now one," declared President Bush in his second inaugural address. It's a nice idea—but, even before Hamas won the Palestinian legislative elections, it wasn't true. In the long term, the spread of democracy may indeed promote U.S. prosperity and security. But the long term is not "now." Now, America must promote democracy even though it sometimes *collides* with national interests. And, because Bush won't acknowledge that—because he won't admit that, in practice, American beliefs and American interests are not the same—his intellectual dishonesty is corroding his democratization efforts from within.

In equating interests and beliefs, Bush was trying to square an ideological circle. On the right, "national interest" matters a lot. Indeed, many conservatives claim it is what distinguishes their foreign policy tradition from its liberal counterpart. Liberals, the argument goes, only spend blood and treasure for humanitarian ends; they see national interest—securing the oil supply, for instance—as selfish and chauvinistic. Conservatives, by contrast, have long insisted that any foreign policy that isn't unsentimentally rooted in what's good for the United States is naïve and dangerous. That was the conservative critique of Jimmy Carter's crusade for human rights. It was the conservative critique of Bill Clinton's "foreign policy as social work." And it was what Bush believed until the Twin Towers fell.

So, when Bush made democracy promotion his north star—potentially imperiling concrete U.S. interests in the process—conservative heavyweights like George Will suggested that he had wandered into ideologically alien terrain. His line about interests and beliefs was meant to answer them. Liberals, administration supporters explained, promote democracy because they want to escape the national interest. Bush promotes democracy because he knows it serves the national interest.

This is dangerous nonsense. It's dangerous because, if you equate democracy with national interest, you'll be tempted to redefine democracy as whatever political arrangement best serves the United States. Which, as it happens, is exactly what the Bush administration has been doing.

The New York Times offered a masterful case study last Sunday in an 8,000-word investigation of Bush's policy toward Haiti. To hear administration spokespeople describe it, there's nothing they want more for Haiti than democracy. Indeed, one of the key instruments of administration policy toward the island is the International Republican Institute (IRI), an organization avowedly dedicated to democracy promotion. The problem—as the *Times* showed—is that, from 2001 to 2004, the IRI and top Bush officials weren't promoting Haitian democracy at all; they were scheming to oust President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. The IRI's representative in Haiti was an aggressive Aristide opponent; when it trained Haitian politicians, the group pointedly excluded members of Aristide's party; and, when rebels began closing in on Haiti's capital, the Bush administration didn't stop them—it didn't even try to broker a political settlement. Instead, it told Aristide to leave.

To be sure, Aristide was no saint. His supporters had resorted to mob violence, and his party was involved in some ballot-rigging. But, by Haitian standards, his misdeeds were modest. His political opponents, many of whom hailed from the business elite that profited during Haiti's decades of dictatorship, were even more brutal. And, unlike Aristide, who won two relatively fair elections, they had no democratic bona fides at all. Yet, when the Bush administration said it was supporting Haitian democracy, it was mostly supporting them.

The reason is that they, far more than Aristide, support U.S. interests. Aristide was a left-leaning populist who criticized the United States and opposed neoliberal economic reforms. His opponents, by contrast, hail from the textile and economic assembly industries, which are deeply tied to the U.S. economy. As Senator Chris Dodd told the *Times*, "We had interests and ties with some of the very strong financial interests in the country, and Aristide was threatening them." So the United States helped replace Aristide with a more pliant government. And, when Haiti's neighbors asked the United Nations to investigate whether there had been a coup, the Bush administration blocked it.

Haiti isn't an isolated case. In Venezuela, the IRI praised the coup that temporarily seized power from Hugo Chavez—and Bush officials quickly embraced the new regime. Once again, the administration countenanced blatantly anti-democratic methods against a leader whose economic policies were anathema to the United States.

Bush's policies follow a clear conservative lineage. The president's top Latin America advisers are mostly protégés of Jesse Helms, a man who didn't support democracy in North Carolina, let alone Latin America, who championed anti-communist thugs like El Salvador's Roberto D'Aubuisson and Haiti's Raoul Cedras, and who called Aristide a "psychopath." And Helms himself stands in an anti-democratic cold war tradition that dates back to 1954, when the Dulles brothers—conservative cold warriors par excellence—oversaw the coup that deposed Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz, whose land reforms threatened the United Fruit Company's bottom line.

But John Foster Dulles and Jesse Helms didn't need to dress up their actions in the language of democracy. They were anti-communists, and, when anti-communism and democracy collided, no one had any illusions about where their allegiances lay. Bush is less honest: He won't acknowledge that national interest and democracy ever collide. And it is this basic intellectual dishonesty that corrupted his policy toward Venezuela and Haiti. Promoting democracy is hard precisely because it sometimes requires temporarily subjugating American interests to American beliefs. It depends on the very idea that conservatives have long derided: that motivations outside narrow national interest deserve a place at the heart of U.S. foreign policy. It requires recognizing that the United States cannot have it all. In his high-minded but simpleminded paeans to democracy, Bush ignores these contradictions. And, as a result, in places like Haiti, his policies aren't very high-minded at all.

PETER BEINART

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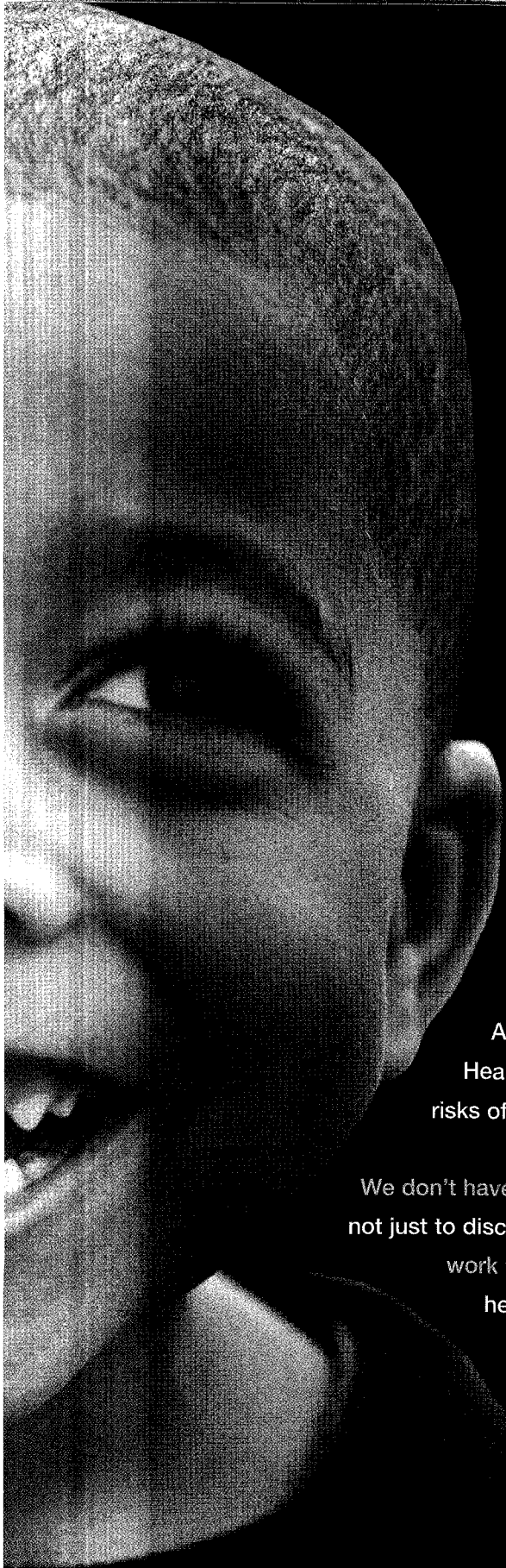

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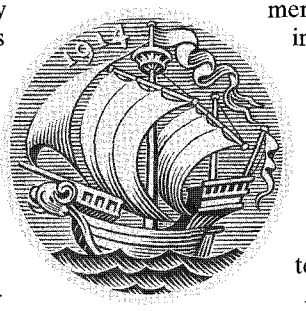
Stating the Obvious

"OUR GOVERNMENT HAS a responsibility to help provide health care for the poor and the elderly, and we are meeting that responsibility." How are we supposed to take the president seriously when he uses the State of the Union to make pronouncements like that? During the last few weeks, tens of thousands of economically vulnerable senior citizens—quite literally "the poor and the elderly"—have been turned away from pharmacies because of problems with their insurance coverage. The reason? The new Medicare drug benefit, which was supposed to guarantee these people access to the pharmaceuticals they need, has been a fiasco. Yes, that would be the same Medicare drug benefit that Bush has previously touted as a major legislative accomplishment.

Bush did no such touting in this State of the Union. In fact, he didn't mention the Medicare drug benefit at all. Nor did he mention some of the other health care–related endeavors he and his Republican allies have undertaken. At one point in the speech, Bush proclaimed, "Keeping America competitive requires affordable health care"—which is true enough. (Just ask General Motors.) But it so happens that Bush is about to sign a bill that will cut spending on Medicaid, the program that offers health insurance for those too poor or sick to get it on their own. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that tens of thousands of Medicaid recipients, the majority of them children, will lose coverage as a result of the cuts. Meanwhile, this same bill preserves a $22 billion Medicare subsidy for the insurance industry that had earlier been targeted for elimination.

Granted, it's not surprising that Bush failed to mention these things. (Even this administration understands you're not supposed to *brag* about taking money away from poor children and giving it to your corporate contributors.) What was surprising was that health care didn't get more attention overall. Leading up to the State of the Union, administration officials repeatedly told reporters that health care would be a major focus of the president's address. Headlines like "BUSH TO PUSH FOR HEALTH REFORMS" (the *Chicago Tribune*) and "HEALTH CARE, VEXING TO CLINTON, IS NOW AT TOP OF BUSH'S AGENDA" (*The New York Times*) ran in the nation's newspapers. CBS News even set up a focus group of seniors concerned about health care, apparently thinking that they would have a lot to discuss after the speech.



When the time came, though, Bush gave health care just two measly paragraphs, which he used to tout three familiar and misguided ideas: insurance portability, malpractice reform, and health savings accounts. The first (portability) is a fine notion—it would be great if you didn't lose your insurance coverage when you lost your job—but accomplishing it would require sweeping changes, involving some combination of subsidies and insurance regulations that Bush refuses to contemplate. The second (malpractice reform) may be worthwhile for its own sake but will do almost nothing to rein in health care costs, because malpractice insurance premiums and the burden of supposed "defensive medicine" make up only a tiny fraction of these expenses. And the third (health savings accounts) would actually make health care less affordable for people with little money and poor health—who, you might say, are the people most in need of assistance paying their medical bills.

More than 40 million Americans have no health insurance. Millions more worry about losing theirs, either because their employers are cutting back on benefits or because their states are cutting back on assistance. An administration that grasped the significance of this problem would realize it merited more than a few paragraphs filled with three modest, warmed-over ideas that even advocates admit would help only a fraction of those who need it.

Almost precisely two years ago, in the days leading up to the 2004 State of the Union, administration officials did exactly what they did this month: They promised a major new effort to make health care more affordable. But then, as now, the result was a mere repackaging of old, inadequate ideas. For the Bush administration, talking about health care is an end in itself—something you do when the pollsters say voters are worried, then quickly stop once you've gotten a few nice headlines.

And what's true of health care is true of much of the rest of Bush's domestic agenda. Beyond tax cuts and his attempts to roll back the New Deal, such as with last year's failed effort to privatize Social Security, Bush musters few new ideas and little enthusiasm for addressing the social and economic concerns that preoccupy most Americans. If it takes more than words, Bush isn't interested. ■

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NOTEBOOK

At Davos, an apology from the host . . . At the Pentagon, $1,000 toast

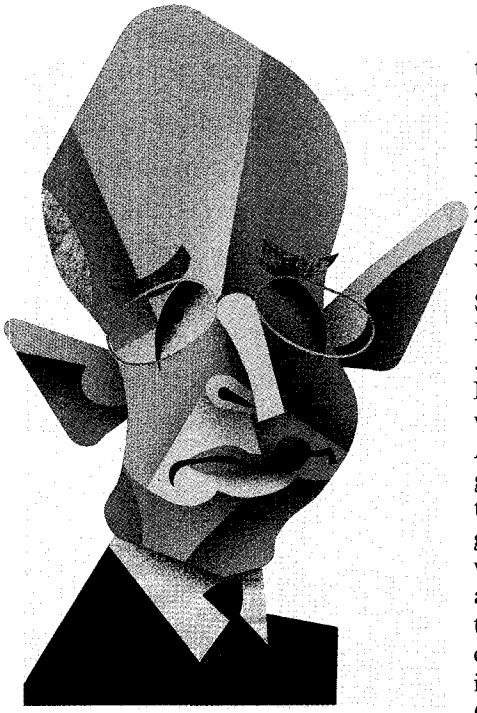
UNACCEPTABLE FAILURE

In the context of Hamas's electoral victory, the World Economic Forum's publication last week of an anti-Semitic polemic titled "boycott israel" in its official annual conference magazine, *Global Agenda*, might seem like a small thing. But, given that anti-Semitic rhetoric at international conferences (remember the 2001 United Nations conference "against racism" in Durban, South Africa) has previously provided sustenance and legitimacy to Hamas-like annihilationist positions, perhaps the coincidence speaks volumes.

The tract's author, Mazin Qumsiyeh, a devoted anti-Israel polemicist (and a former professor of genetics at Yale), mainly trots out the stock false tropes ("Israeli apartheid") and distorted accounts of Israel's history, contemporary character, and its conflict with the Palestinians. But, unable to restrain himself, Qumsiyeh at one point launches into an unabashed flight of anti-Semitic fantasy. The "Zionist lobby" has unleashed "a concerted media campaign justif[ying] 'preemptive' invading of other countries, religious apartheid, sectarianism, ethnic cleansing, and putting walls around ghettoized 'undesired' people," and thereby pushed the United States to perpetuate such policies.

After a furor erupted, Klaus Schwab, the Forum's founder and executive chairman, claimed an "unacceptable failure in the editorial process," pulled the article from the Forum's website, ordered a new edition of the magazine published, and issued a brief statement—posted prominently on the Forum's website—that the article contradicts his own and the Forum's mission and values.

Still, Schwab owes more than this. He ought to provide a complete explanation of how Qumsiyeh's screed made its way into *Global Agenda*. Schwab also should distribute to all conference participants and post on the Forum's website a detailed analysis demonstrating the mendacity and perniciousness of the article's contents. This will not undo the damage, but it would at least be a good-faith effort not just to efface the record but also to correct it—and to affirmatively further Schwab's professed highest commitment: "mutual understanding."



Klaus Schwab

MARSHALL PLANET

This week, Special Inspector General for Iraq Reconstruction Stuart Bowen made a startling revelation. Not, mind you, his report that reconstruction projects are woefully behind schedule and hampered by dwindling funds and a persistent insurgency, but rather that it's wrong to compare Iraq reconstruction to the Marshall Plan, the successful U.S.-funded project for European recovery after World War II. "This is not the Marshall Plan," Bowen told "NewsHour with Jim Lehrer."

In the early days of Iraq reconstruction, however, the Bush administration was all too eager to play up the comparisons to postwar Europe. Then–National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice told a German TV station in July 2003, "If I think of a historical analogy, I think rather of what happened after World War II, when the United States—after having fought in two European wars—came back to Europe . . . to spearhead the Marshall Plan." Former Ambassador L. Paul Bremer, who headed the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA), testified before Congress in September 2003 that the plan to reconstruct Iraq was "of an equal grandeur" to the Marshall Plan. And, when President Bush signed the bill authorizing $18.6 billion for reconstruction in Iraq later that year, he proudly called it "the greatest commitment of its kind since the Marshall Plan." The CPA even modeled its plans for postwar Iraq on those for postwar Germany, reportedly lifting entire passages from 50-year-old documents and, in at least one instance, forgetting to change "Reichsmark" to "dinar."

While the administration may be backing away from the Marshall Plan analogy, Iraqi leaders seem not to have gotten the message yet. In November, Iraqi President Jalal Talabani wrote in the Austrian newspaper *Der Standard* that "the new Iraq needs a Marshall Plan." And Prime Minister Ibrahim Al Jaafari told reporters last June that "we hope that Mr. Bush will try to redo a Marshall Plan, calling it the Bush Plan." See, Bowen's right: calling it a Marshall Plan is really not fair.

SPENT FORCE

For those nostalgic for the golden years of the Reagan defense buildup, when the Pentagon routinely spent $600 on a hammer, a Knight Ridder report this week must have been heartwarming. The news service revealed that contractors with

David Cowles

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the Defense Logistics Agency's prime vendor program, which designates a few preferred companies to handle procurement without competitive bidding, billed the agency $5,501 for a deep-fat fryer, $1,782 for a waffle iron, and $1,025 for a toaster over the last three years.

When a whistleblower tried to alert the Pentagon that these "prime vendors" had overspent, by his estimate, as much as $200 million, the agency dismissed the tip after a brief investigation. (The Pentagon's stubborn unwillingness to reconsider the program has, in the past, so frustrated shut-out contractors that some have resorted to desperate measures. In November, one rented a limo to circle the Capitol with a mini-refrigerator the military had bought for $23,000 in the hopes of getting the fridge into a congressional hearing.) But what really galled the whistleblower, Knight Ridder reported, was the fact that other federal agencies could purchase the same toaster through the General Services Administration for just $791, the waffle iron for only $656, and the deep-fat fryer for a mere $1,919!

Let's see: a 34-inch steel-gray refrigerator from a Pentagon prime vendor: $23,000. The same sort of 34-inch steel-gray Kenmore refrigerator on the Sears website: $239.99. The fact that other government agencies paying $791 for a toaster is being presented as thrifty and judicious: priceless.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

In "Magic Bullet" (February 6), a quote taken from Joe Trippi's blog, joetrippi.com, should have been attributed to Trippi's colleague Dan Walter; also, it was written in December, not January.

In "Smoked Out" (February 6), Fox News spokesman Paul Schur actually said "Fox News was"—rather than "is"—"unaware of [columnist Steven] Milloy's connection with Philip Morris." We regret the errors. ■

TNR commentary Excerpts from THE NEW REPUBLIC ONLINE

BUSH'S DIMINISHED PRESIDENCY.

Small Time

By Ryan Lizza

Every White House loves the annual State of the Union speech, because it supposedly showcases the president for a full prime-time hour in all his imperial glory. But this is the first State of the Union I can remember where the president ended the evening diminished in stature rather than enhanced.

First, we witnessed the death of the great-man theory of Bush. The Bush presidency, in the minds of its most fervent supporters, has been built on the idea that Bush is a visionary with bold ideas that he forcefully pushes, even when this damages his own popularity. But the bold agenda is gone. His "addicted to oil" line will garner headlines, but his actual oil-independence plan is so modest—an increase of tens of millions of dollars in a $2 trillion annual budget—that it is barely worth mentioning. Instead of rearguing the case for his Social Security plan, he called for *another* Social Security commission. The much-hyped health care proposals were mentioned in passing. His fancy American Competitiveness Initiative—a research and development tax credit and more money for math and science—seems reasonable but forgettable.

> The president ended the evening diminished in stature rather than enhanced.

Second, there was very little in the speech for conservatives to rally around. No bold new tax cuts. No line-in-the-sand warning to Iran. No culture war rhetoric. Bush came before Congress a seemingly humbled, even emasculated, president.

Bush's statement that "Congress did not act last year on my proposal to save Social Security" was met with raucous applause and cheers from Democrats. Bush seemed genuinely taken aback and embarrassed by the response. It punctured the pomposity of the event and was probably the closest our system ever gets to a prime minister's questions–style drubbing of the president by the legislature. Let's hope there's more of it in the future.

WHY HAMAS'S VICTORY ISN'T SO BAD.

Silver Lining

By Efraim Karsh

Hamas's victory in the elections for Palestinian parliament creates a thorny dilemma for Israel, the United States, and the European Union: how to deal with a Palestinian government dominated by what all three have branded a terrorist organization. Yet there is a potential silver lining in this development. Not because it may transform Hamas into an ordinary political party that eschews violence and terrorism in favor of "more moderate and peaceful policies," as suggested by Jimmy Carter, among others. But, rather, because Hamas's win might trigger a widespread disillusionment with the mirage—created by the Oslo process—of a democratic and peace-loving Palestinian government.

A good place to start is to acknowledge that the Palestinian elections were a contest not between a democratic party and a terrorist organization, but rather between two unreconstructed terrorist groups. In these circumstances, where the real choice is between a plain-speaking extremist organization advocating the destruction of a neighboring state (Hamas) and a corrupt and repressive regime couching its intentions in hollow peace rhetoric whenever addressing non-Arab audiences (Fatah), Hamas may prove the lesser of two evils. By leaving no doubt about its true nature and raising no false expectations of imminent peace and democracy, it helps expose the deep malaise of the Palestinian political system and the attendant need for its fundamental overhaul.

> The Palestinian elections were a contest not between a democratic party and a terrorist organization, but rather between two unreconstructed terrorist groups.

* Efraim Karsh is the head of the Mediterranean Studies Programme at King's College, University of London.

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On the Hill

Swiss Miss

BY MICHAEL CROWLEY

Moments before Monday's vote on whether to filibuster the nomination of Samuel Alito, John Kerry was speaking to a near-empty Senate chamber. In his typical stentorian fashion, Kerry was arguing for a filibuster of the Supreme Court nominee, an effort the Massachusetts senator had single-handedly initiated a few days earlier to the open chagrin of fellow Democrats like Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid. "What could possibly be more important than this?" asked Kerry, who stood alone amid a sea of empty desks. But Kerry's plea for relevancy didn't cause much of a stir until his Massachusetts colleague and filibuster partner, Ted Kennedy, rose to unleash a bellowing anti-Alito stemwinder. With a reddening face and hoarse voice, Kennedy waved his arms and smacked his podium with his open hand. The commotion caused a crew of usually blasé reporters to scurry from their workstations and into the Senate press balcony to watch. "There is nothing that's more important than the vote we cast on the Supreme Court, except sending young Americans to war!" Kennedy thundered. When the old lion's mighty lungs finally ceased, Kerry strolled over and firmly shook Kennedy's hand. From up in the press section, one could overhear Kennedy say, "Thanks, John," in commendation of Kerry's leading role in the last-ditch fight against Alito. Before he departed, Kerry threw a noticeable glance up at the now-crowded press section, clearly measuring the response.

In a vacuum, this would have appeared a heady moment for John Kerry. But, by most measures, Kerry's gambit was a flop. In substantive terms, the filibuster vote was a blowout: Only 25 of the 41 Democrats needed to block a confirmation vote sided with Kerry, and many of them did so grudgingly. In political terms, it was even worse. Kerry's last-minute stand spoon-fed reporters a story line of Democratic division and infighting. What's more, Democrats complained that this Gallipoli charge had handed Republicans an easy victory on the eve of the State of the Union—and had drowned out their own competing message.

The Alito flap is hardly the first time Kerry's efforts to remain relevant and to position himself for another White House run have put him at odds with his fellow Senate Democrats. In late November, for instance, Democrats fumed after Kerry scheduled a press conference reacting to a major Iraq address by President Bush at the same time as one planned by Senate Democrats, muddying his party's response and enabling reporters to revisit old 2004 campaign themes about Kerry's position on the war. This week's filibuster fizzle is just the latest example of how Kerry has begun to adopt a new, fighting-mad persona—and to alienate colleagues who think he's just positioning himself for 2008 at their expense.

One reason Democrats suspect the motives behind Kerry's attempted Alito filibuster is the way he went about it. Until last week, when he suddenly declared his opposition to the judge, Kerry had played virtually no role in opposing Alito's nomination. Shortly after this, in consultation with Kennedy, aides say, Kerry decided his party needed to mount a more forceful stand and declared that he would use his senatorial prerogative to attempt a filibuster—even though head counts had already made it unambiguously clear that Alito could not be blocked. In a closed-door meeting of Senate Democrats last Wednesday, Kerry and Kennedy made a vigorous plea for a filibuster. But they were challenged by Harry Reid and by no less a Bush nominee–basher than Chuck Schumer of New York, who, as chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, is responsible for overseeing the party's 2006 Senate races. Schumer understood, as did Reid and many other Democrats, that the Alito nomination had already put vulnerable Democratic incumbents and candidates from red states in an awkward position—pulled between pro-Bush voters and the demands of liberal interest groups, activists, and bloggers. Forcing those Democrats to choose sides on yet another vote would only heighten their agony. Even Barbara Mikulski, a Kennedy-style paleoliberal, argued that Democrats should worry more about electoral realities than about taking bold stands for their own sake.

Democrats might have been more receptive had Kerry not been so late to the game. If he were really so appalled by Alito, they say, he should have been working for weeks to rally opposition. "The problem with Kerry is just that he sits on the sidelines. He was two weeks too late if he wanted to get involved in this fight and influence it in a meaningful way," says a Democratic Senate strategist. A Kerry aide counters that, apart from the Senate Judiciary Committee's Alito hearings, the Senate had been out of session for much of January. "Charges that it was hastily done don't consider the realities of the calendar," says the aide. But the Senate reconvened on January 18, a full week before Kerry's move. Indeed, it was Kerry who was most out of pocket; he missed the Alito hearings for a long trip to Iraq and, soon after, departed for the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. In fact, many Democrats cringe at the way Kerry briefly waged his fight by phone from Davos—which perfectly reinforces his culturally effete image. That several prominent Republicans, including John McCain, were also in Davos last week didn't stop the GOP from ridiculing Kerry with jokes about "yodeling" in his filibuster while skiing the Swiss Alps. "It was unfair, but perception is 99 percent of the battle," says one aide to a potential 2008 Kerry rival.

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Kerry also forced some Democrats into highly awkward positions. Reid, for instance, initially groused about Kerry's move on the Senate floor, making the apt point that there had been "adequate time for people to debate" Alito. But, once Kerry cast the die, Reid (and Schumer) were forced to support the filibuster for fear of enraging liberals. Republicans taunted Reid for flip-flopping. Meanwhile, every other Democrat considering a 2008 White House run—Hillary Clinton, Evan Bayh, Joe Biden, Russ Feingold—voted with Kerry, even though none had planned to force a filibuster themselves. After the filibuster fell short, the White House issued a triumphal statement boasting of a "strong, bipartisan majority" vote for Alito. Some Democrats found that especially embittering, given that the final vote on his confirmation was much closer: 58–42, one of the narrowest confirmation margins of any Supreme Court justice. Kerry spokesman David Wade argues that the filibuster "helped strengthen the number of votes against final confirmation." But, although Democrats showed remarkable unity on the final Alito vote (only four members defected), that solidarity was overshadowed by the filibuster flap. "DEMOCRATS SPLIT OVER FILIBUSTER ON ALITO," declared the front page of the January 27 *Washington Post*. Kerry "handed President Bush a big win on the eve of the State of the Union," says one veteran Senate Democratic aide. Moreover, Democrats were irritated that Kerry's move had sucked up so much press attention before Bush's speech. "The whole Democratic strategy was to go into the State of the Union framing it around ethics and corruption," says the irritated Democratic Senate strategist. "We were doing the Republicans' job by thrusting [Alito] into the spotlight rather than ethics."

By Monday, the aggravation at Kerry was plain to see. On a typical day, reporters can barely fend off the press-loving Schumer. But, when he arrived outside the Senate chamber for the filibuster vote, Schumer was grumpy and terse. In what may have been an unprecedented event, Schumer blurted out a quick statement to the press mob and then turned heel and abruptly fled into the chamber.

SO WHAT EXPLAINS Kerry's decision? It may be that he really believes Alito is an intolerable radical. But so do many other Democrats, like Schumer, who still concluded a filibuster was a net loser politically. Kerry presented his move as a matter of principle: "I reject those notions that there ought to somehow be some political calculus about the future," he declared. "I know this is flying against some of the sort of political punditry of Washington." Yet his actions were entirely consistent with someone wooing liberal activists in preparation for the 2008 presidential primaries. From his escalating criticism of the Iraq war to his recent public quip about a possible Bush impeachment (aides insist it was a joke), Kerry is sounding more and more intent on challenging Clinton from the left. His Alito joust has made him a champion for Democratic pro-choice and civil rights leaders. He has also impressed activists in the liberal blogosphere—including at *DailyKos.com*, where he posted an explanation of his filibuster move. But even some liberal bloggers smelled a rat. At the site *MyDD.com*, the influential blogger Matt Stoller called Kerry's decision "a classic example of 'get points for trying' politics ... a way for Senators to get credit from the left-wing of the party without having to actually do anything or stop anything. ... The attitude that the insiders have towards us is that we are a stupid ATM set up to feed their ineffectiveness." Poor John Kerry. It takes real talent to be trashed by the very people to whom you are trying to pander. ■

Jerusalem Dispatch

Fight Delay

BY EHUD YAARI

THIS IS THE concrete deal that Hamas is offering Israel: an open-ended armistice in exchange for a well-armed and independent Palestinian state; a prolonged cessation of hostilities, but no peace treaty and no resolution of the conflict's underlying issues. According to conversations with its leaders and its public statements, Hamas will recognize Israel as an "occupier state" while still rejecting its legitimacy. As a sign of their seriousness, the heads of Hamas have already quietly given assurances that they will unconditionally extend the *tahdiah*, the lull in attacks on Israel, that they painstakingly maintained in the year leading up to their stunning victory in the Palestinian Legislative Council elections on January 25. They will keep their terrorist weaponry on safety, without giving it up.

Unfortunately, it is likely that the Europeans will soon advise Israel to accept such a deal. The Egyptians are already arguing in private that an armistice without a peace treaty is preferable to another intifada. And, rest assured, down the road there will be Israelis who will urge taking the deal that is possible and giving up on the one that is necessary—that is, a final-status agreement incorporating Palestinian recognition of Israel. This is how Hamas hopes to achieve legitimacy and to consolidate its gains.

Israel, therefore, has a tough decision to make within weeks, if not days: test an extended ceasefire and allow Hamas to slide into power or prevent its worst enemies from taking control of the Palestinian Authority (P.A.). In 1993, when the Oslo accords opened the doors to Yasir Arafat, Israel unwittingly imported a vicious civil war, waiting in vain

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for Arafat to transform himself into a peaceful neighbor. If Israel deludes itself into thinking that Hamas is about to undergo a purifying metamorphosis, it will wake up to discover that Islamic fundamentalists are running the P.A.—without even pretending to accept Israel's right to exist.

As soon as they heard that their party had won 74 of the 132 seats in the Palestinian legislature, the heads of Hamas began to scatter vague formulae for a long-term *hudna*, or truce. The chairman of the Hamas political bureau, Damascus-based Khaled Mashal, and the movement's chief spokesmen in Gaza, Ismail Hanieh and Mahmoud Al Zahar, all quickly acknowledged their inability to enter into an all-out armed confrontation with Israel at the present time. The implication, of course, was that they wish they could confront Israel—and that they will prepare and mobilize the Palestinian society for an eventual showdown.

For the time being, however, Hamas is offering an armistice that recognizes the June 1967 lines, including Palestinian sovereignty in East Jerusalem. There are Hamas leaders who indicate that it may be possible to integrate this proposal with the establishment of a Palestinian state within "provisional borders," as envisaged in the U.S.-backed road map. In fact, they argue that there is little difference between their armistice proposal and Ariel Sharon's vision of a long-term interim agreement with provisional borders and Palestinian sovereignty. (Of course, Sharon never envisaged retreating to the pre–Six Day War borders.)

Hamas is presenting this political vision in order to smooth its way to hegemony. It must ease Israeli fears—and, indeed, Defense Minister Shaul Mofaz has stupidly announced that Hamas is behaving "responsibly"—and reassure Fatah that partnership with Hamas will not necessarily lead to a dead end or to more bloodshed. And, not least importantly, Hamas wants to provide the Europeans and the United States with the illusion of progress toward peace so that they will continue giving aid to the Palestinian Authority.

Hamas, in other words, understands that it must handle its victory with great care and that, if it wants to enjoy the fruits of the ballots, it must eschew the use of bullets. Its leaders are aware of the limitations of their achievement and of its potential pitfalls, so they are speaking far more softly than usual and keeping their sticks out of sight. The 6,000 members of their terrorist arm, the Izz a-Din Al Qassam Brigades, have been ordered not to carry arms in the streets, not to hold celebratory parades, and to keep away from the violent demonstrations that the defeated Fatah activists have been staging.

There is no reason, for now, to doubt Hamas's willingness to enter into a prolonged armistice. The volume of terrorism perpetrated by the movement has declined steadily since the summer of 2004. There was only one suicide bombing by Hamas during this period, in Beersheba, and that, according to reliable Israeli intelligence sources, was the result of a "misunderstanding" within its ranks. Since the withdrawal of Israeli settlements and troops from the Gaza Strip, Hamas has not fired a single rocket at Israel. (They have left that to the Islamic Jihad, the Popular Resistance Committees, and some factions of the Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigades.)

This conduct reflected Hamas's decision to take over the Palestinian Authority before again turning its sights on Israel. Indeed, the Cairo agreement—an accord between Hamas and P.A. President Mahmoud Abbas in March 2005—comprised a simple tradeoff: a lull in terrorist operations in exchange for elections. In recent days, the Hamas leadership has been veritably gushing with praise for Abbas for keeping his side of the bargain. Now they want him to accept an armistice. The reason he might well accept that idea is plain: He is not capable of reaching a final-status agreement, both because it is now even harder to resolve the issues (such as Jerusalem and the right of return) that prevented an agreement at Camp David in 2000, and also because Fatah's power has shrunk. A *hudna* would therefore be better than nothing at all.

In the eyes of the Fatah leadership, too, a *hudna* is not out of the question, although Fatah still claims adherence to Oslo's principles of peace with and recognition of Israel. After all, even Arafat was working toward "runaway statehood," whereby Palestinians would gain independence but would not pay its price by making concessions leading to a formal "end of conflict, end of claims." The threat remains that, if a runaway statehood is not granted to them, the Palestinians will gradually run away from the concept of a small state alongside Israel. This danger—that the Palestinians will choose to collapse into Israel's unwilling arms—is the greatest challenge faced by Israel. Two states without peace, as opposed to two governments fighting within the same country—this, ultimately, is the choice.

At this stage, there's no telling whether the Hamas victory will save the P.A. from implosion and disintegration, or whether it will hasten that collapse. Within Fatah, a mighty brawl is underway, and the organization's future is in doubt. The Palestinian security apparatus—60,000 men with guns—is in disarray. The "armed tribes" that truly control the territories, be they political groups or local clans, are gaining strength. In the meantime, Hamas does not dare try to assert its authority.

On the Palestinian field, the only possible game is a local version of what is known in France as "co-habitation"—a regime in which a president works alongside a prime minister from a rival party. But the Palestinian situation is far more complicated, because the president is also the head of the opposition, and the parliamentary majority is a party that also functions as an underground. This is a structure with two hostile armies: the security apparatus commanded by the president and the militias commanded by the majority party. (Incidentally, Hamas is already planning to elevate the Qassam Brigades to the status enjoyed by Iran's Revolutionary Guards.)

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To achieve a co-habitation agreement, Hamas is willing to let the Cabinet be made up of technocrats rather than Hamas officials, showing that it prefers to rule rather than govern. Its leaders don't delude themselves that Fatah's debacle at the polls meant the demise of that deep-rooted movement. Indeed, Fatah has several times more rifles than Hamas, and, by my calculations, it could have achieved near-parity in the elections if so many votes had not been wasted on the 76 Fatah leaders who ran as independents and lost. So, at least for the near future, Hamas will not confront Fatah, choosing instead to co-opt its rival and gradually erode its power. In the meantime, Fatah retains some power.

Hamas is forging a long-term strategy, building up its future capabilities instead of cashing in immediately on its election gains. Using Abbas rather than pushing him aside. Joining up with the security apparatuses rather than purging them. Living with the Oslo arrangements rather than burying them. It is careful not to trigger an Algeria-like counterreaction, in which the security organizations stage a coup to annul the election results. For Hamas, the P.A. should become the first country to be successfully taken over by the local branch of the Muslim Brotherhood. Hamas needs time, a long time, to digest its prey. It needs co-habitation at home and an armistice on the borders. Like a tiger at rest, its claws are sheathed until the time comes to go hunting again.

Israel and its friends must decide whether to let the tiger gain strength or to beard it in its den. Until Hamas accepts Israel's right to exist and renounces terrorism, Israel should freeze its economic agreements, border procedures, and all other dealings with the P.A. A diplomatic siege and an active boycott should be developed, coupled with persistence in counterterrorism operations. Any attempt by Hamas to invite Iran to step in must be subverted in an effort to nip this hostile new regime in the bud. ■

Jerusalem Dispatch

Forward Pass

BY YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI

LESS THAN A week after Hamas's stunning victory in the Palestinian elections, Acting Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert appears before activists to launch the election campaign of his centrist party, Kadima ("Forward"). Flanked by blow-up photographs of former Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, who remains in a coma, Olmert refers only obliquely to Hamas's electoral success, noting, "We aren't thrown by external threats, including those of recent days." And he cites as one of Israel's central challenges "defining the final borders of the state of Israel as a state with a clear and solid Jewish majority." Yet there isn't a hint of how Israel is to establish those borders, given that the rise of Hamas has ended the hopes of even the most optimistic Israelis for a negotiated peace. In previous speeches, Olmert has implied that unilateral withdrawal—the policy begun by Sharon last summer in Gaza—would likely still be Kadima's fallback option for the West Bank. In a speech just last week, Olmert noted that, should the road map fail to revive the peace process, Israel would act "through any means" to ensure the preservation of its Jewish majority—widely understood here as a euphemism for unilateral withdrawal.

Now, though, the notion of handing over territory to a Palestinian Authority (P.A.) dominated by the Iranian-backed Hamas has led to second thoughts across the political spectrum. In one recent poll, barely 20 percent of the electorate continues to endorse unilateralism—down by some 30 percent in the last month. And that shift has reinforced those within Kadima who already opposed additional unilateral moves. Ironically, the rise of Hamas confirms the logic of unilateralism—that there is no one to make a deal with on the Palestinian side—even as it confirms the warnings of opponents of unilateralism that additional territorial concessions will only further erode Israeli security. And so Kadima is left with platitudes about the road map and the need for the P.A. to disarm terrorist organizations, even as a terrorist organization becomes the P.A.

Kadima is setting out on its election campaign not only bereft of its charismatic founder but without any credible plan for dealing with Hamas beyond sitting tight. Yet, according to polls, that's exactly what a majority of Israelis want their government to do: no negotiations, no recognition, and no more unilateral withdrawals. This partly explains why Kadima continues to lead in the polls, maintaining its hold on the Israeli center and confounding skeptics who insisted the party would disintegrate after Sharon's departure. But, while sitting tight may constitute a wise short-term strategy, both strategically and politically, Kadima could begin to crack when the time comes to decide the future of the territories. And the fault line may well be Kadima's ambivalence about unilateralism.

WITHIN KADIMA, THE most outspoken opponent of unilateral withdrawal in the West Bank is Avi Dichter, the recently resigned head of the domestic security service Shin Bet and the architect of Israel's policy of using targeted assassinations to combat terrorism. Sharon was so keen on including Dichter on his party's list that he postponed elections until Dichter completed a waiting period, mandated by Israeli law, between when an official quits the security services and when he can enter politics. Given Sharon's absence and Olmert's lack of security credentials, Dichter's role in determining the party's security policy has only become more important. And few candidates are as popular with Kadima activists: When Dichter

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mounts the stage at Kadima's campaign launch, he is greeted with more enthusiastic applause than most of the veteran politicians.

Dichter, who supported the Gaza withdrawal, doesn't answer a journalist's questions so much as offer mini-briefings, still more the security man than the politician. "You can't compare the West Bank to Gaza," he explains. "There was no security need to remain in Gaza, except to protect the settlers. We weren't protecting the state from Gaza. But that's not at all the situation in the West Bank. Gaza is not close to major [Israeli] population centers; the opposite is true in the West Bank. If Hamas maintains its ties with Iran and continues terror, they will lose the West Bank. There's no chance we will allow the West Bank to become a kingdom of terror."

However central Dichter's voice in the party, though, it's premature to bury unilateral withdrawal as a Kadima option. "Unilateralism is hovering around us all the time, especially now," notes one key Kadima official. "But there's no reason for us to bring it up until the international community sees that it's the Palestinians who killed the road map and that they must pay a price for it."

Part of that price could be an Olmert initiative to win international backing for expanding the borders Israel would retain in a unilateral withdrawal. Until the rise of Hamas, the assumption here was that Israel's West Bank security fence would be the most likely border to which Israel would withdraw, leaving it with some 10 percent of the territories. Now, though, some unilateralists insist on also including the Jordan Valley, the West Bank's border with the Arab world, to prevent penetration of Iranian weaponry and advisers. That's hardly a marginal detail: The Jordan Valley constitutes a large swath of the West Bank. Notes Dan Schueftan, a security analyst who is considered the father of Israeli unilateralism and who is close to Kadima leaders, "The big change is that we will now have to keep the Jordan Valley. If we give the Palestinians a link with the Arab world, the West Bank will turn into Gaza. And that will force us to conquer it again."

Indeed, Kadima has suddenly rediscovered the significance of retaining the Jordan Valley in Sharon's strategic thinking—which, until the Hamas victory, was scarcely noted in Kadima circles. "Sharon repeatedly stressed the importance of the Jordan Valley to Israeli security," says Lior Horev, a Kadima political adviser. "We'll convey that to the Israeli voter."

One possible model for a unilateral withdrawal that would still address the new security threat is the Israeli evacuation of four West Bank settlements last August. Largely eclipsed by the Gaza pullout, that limited West Bank withdrawal evacuated settlers but kept the Israeli army in the area. Still, Dichter rejects even that model as a self-inflicted wound at a time when fighting terrorism, rather than encouraging Israeli infighting, should be the priority. "The only relevant criterion for determining evacuations should be security," he notes.

If there is any issue that could split the seemingly invincible Kadima, an amalgam of ex-Likud and ex-Labor politicians, it's disagreement over unilateralism. Shimon Peres, a likely leader of a pro-unilateral faction and number-two on the Kadima list, has already tacitly broken ranks with Kadima on the question of Hamas recognition. Olmert has insisted on three preconditions for recognizing Hamas—recognition of Israel, disarmament, and acceptance of the P.A.'s commitments. Yet Peres, speaking from Davos, Switzerland, where he was attending the recent World Economic Forum, cited only one: that the terrorist group leave its guns at the door. A Kadima spokesperson insists that Peres accepts all three of Olmert's preconditions; yet the discrepancy was pointedly noted by the Israeli press and not denied by Peres.

If Kadima does opt for unilateral withdrawal, its likely coalition partner will be Labor, which is the only party to explicitly endorse unilateralism as a response to the Hamas victory. But, if Kadima chooses the Dichter approach, its likely coalition partner will be the Likud, which opposes unilateralism—and is, in fact, blaming Hamas's victory on the perceived boost to terrorism provided by the Gaza withdrawal. So far, that argument hasn't taken hold: In a recent poll, some 55 percent rejected any significant link between the Gaza withdrawal and the rise of Hamas. Notes Dichter, "Hamas's popularity in Gaza grew over the last five years, when we were sitting in Gaza."

Meanwhile, Kadima continues to rise in the polls. Partly, that's by default. Olmert's rivals aren't liked or trusted by most voters. Not even the rise of Hamas has substantially boosted Likud leader Benjamin Netanyahu, who is widely resented for his economic policies as finance minister, which hurt the poor. For his part, Labor's Amir Peretz, who gambled on a domestic rather than a security agenda, appears irrelevant. Following the Hamas victory, less than 8 percent of the public said it trusts Peretz to deal with security issues.

Still, Olmert too has a way to go in proving himself, not only to the Israeli public, but even to his own party. At Kadima's launch rally, Dudu Cohen, a 30-year veteran Likud activist from the West Bank town of Maaleh Adumim, near Jerusalem, listens to Olmert's speech and shakes his head. "He's not Sharon," says Cohen, who quit the Likud only because of his admiration for the former prime minister.

I ask Cohen whether he would support Olmert if he opted for unilateral withdrawal in the West Bank. "I can't imagine what that would look like," he replies. "I couldn't bear watching the withdrawal from Gaza on TV. But, then again, in the end, I supported it. If Olmert decides on withdrawal, I guess the party will support him. Maybe I just don't want to imagine it happening again. Just as I couldn't imagine it happening the first time." With Hamas still celebrating its victory, it's a possibility few Israelis can imagine. Yet, given the alternative of renewing an occupation that most Israelis have rejected, Kadima may soon find itself debating precisely that scenario. And, as Kadima supporters well know, in Israel, the inconceivable often has a way of becoming inevitable. ■

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Let Hamas turn to Iran. Aid and a Bet

BY JOSEPH BRAUDE

IN THE WAKE of last week's Hamas parliamentary landslide, some Palestinian elites issued a threat of sorts to the United States. "You don't want to deal with Hamas?" *Al Quds Al Arabi* Editor-in-Chief Abdel Bari Atwan asked Americans via Al Jazeera. "*Don't* deal with Hamas. We'll go to Iran instead, and they'll deal with us." Columnist Yahya Bahar wrote in the Gaza daily *Al Sabah* that Iran could make a better ally than the United States. "The political rhetoric that the Iranian President Ahmadinejad is enunciating in a raised voice ... is concentrated around our cause and around the fundamental justice of this cause," he opined, and he urged the Palestinian leadership to "follow [Iranian overtures] more seriously and not rely on the Americans and Europeans who have shown that they are unable to solve their major problems." Hamas politburo chief Khaled Mashal, who, last month, met the Iranian president for the second time in as many months, defended his movement's cozy relationship with Tehran in an Al Arabiya TV interview. "[T]hat is a normal part of our management of Arab and Islamic relations. ... This is not a blemish for us to be ashamed of. What we should be ashamed of is our relations with the Americans and the Zionists."

Western donor states may be tempted to view these sentiments as arguments in favor of continued umbilical support for the Palestinian Authority (P.A.). Better to maintain financial leverage over a Hamas-led regime, the logic goes, than send it running, penniless, into the arms of a regional adversary. Over the weekend, Yuval Diskin, the chief of Israel's security service, advised the country's cabinet that Tehran was in fact contemplating an offer of aid to the P.A. in the event that American and European donors held back.

Rather than be cowed by this prospect, however, the smart move for the West would be to reduce or refuse American and European aid to the P.A. Hamas is caught between two goals—it must continue its violent struggle against Israel, but, in the wake of the election, it faces overwhelming pressure from Palestinians to devote available resources to the survival of the local economy. Leverage, in this situation, is achieved not by maintaining high levels of grant aid but by curbing or cutting it—and thereby reducing the nascent regime's discretionary income. Without American and European aid, Hamas will be predisposed to spend whatever money it already receives from Iran on governance issues and economic wellness rather than on annihilating Israel. It would also be forced to turn to both Iran and the Gulf states for a greater chunk of the approximately $190 million per month that the P.A. will need to operate.

Furthermore, pushing Tehran to ante up could have domestic repercussions in Iran. The mullahs have never shown much of an interest in Palestinian state-building, and some Iranians are already disaffected with Tehran's financial commitment to Palestinian factions like Hamas, Islamic Jihad, and the Al Aqsa Martyrs. For example, in 2002, the anti-government Student Movement Coordination Committee for Democracy in Iran called on the country's leadership to "leave Palestine alone" and "think about us." Should Iran's rulers assume the burden of bankrolling the P.A., the commitment could cost them politically at home at a time when the semblance of national unity is vital to defend the country's nuclear program. And, if Tehran doesn't assume this burden, Hamas may wind up with empty coffers—and either a very short political lifespan or a more conciliatory overture toward Israel and the West.

PERHAPS THE ONLY regional fetish that attracts Tehran's leaders more than the destruction of Israel is their own pretension to Shia Islamist leadership of the global community of Muslims—who are predominantly Sunni. In Iran prior to the 1979 revolution, the Palestinian national cause was not the Technicolor billboard spectacle it is today. On the contrary, an Israeli flag flew over the Jewish state's embassy in Tehran—and, for centuries, the name of the caliph Umar bin Al Khattab, who conquered Jerusalem for the Muslims, has been cursed from Shia mosque pulpits for his alleged treachery to the Shia Imam Ali. Yet, ever since Ayatollah Khomeini turned over the Israeli embassy to Yasir Arafat in 1979, Iran's Shia mullahs have credibly competed with their Sunni Wahhabi rivals in Saudi Arabia as champions of the Palestinian cause—and won unprecedented esteem for Shiism among Sunnis globally as a result. If you're a historically persecuted minority Muslim sect, you can't buy advertising like the following endorsement from then–Hamas chief Ahmed Yassin, after his historic visit to Tehran in 1998: "[T]he Islamic Republic of Iran supports this ideal [of a Palestinian state] even more than the Palestinians themselves," he said, according to a report on Radio Free Europe.

The secret of Iran's success has been to consistently support political violence in Palestine, a cause with overwhelming appeal among Sunnis in the region, while generally avoiding direct support for Palestinian institution-building—a more suspicious project that, for many hardline Shia and Sunni Muslims, reeks of conciliation toward the Jews. Thus, Tehran broke with Arafat over the Oslo accords but revived cooperation with arms shipments during the Al Aqsa intifada. It financed a Marxist revolutionary, Ahmed Jibril, in his group's war against the Jewish state in the '90s, but it withheld some support for Hamas as punishment for its temporary cessation of suicide operations de-

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cleared last year. Iran's foreign ministry spokesman, Hamid Reza Assefi, was, according to Radio Free Europe, quoted in the state news agency last week as "congratulat[ing] the great Palestinian people, the Hamas movement, all Palestinian combatants, and the great Islamic *umma* [Islamic nation]" for "the powerful presence of Hamas on the political scene of Palestine." Yet Iran's major financial recipient in the West Bank and Gaza, Islamic Jihad, boycotted the high-turnout Palestinian elections on the pretext of their illegitimacy under occupation, and it perpetrated a suicide attack on January 19. Broadly speaking, Iran is a fickle friend to Palestinian factions and the people they speak for; Tehran's commitment to the most uncompromising ideals of the broader Middle East region vis-à-vis Palestine easily trumps the pragmatic interests of the Palestinians themselves. Iran's history with the Palestinians is therefore a shaky basis for Hamas to expect reliable support from Tehran in any state-building project.

Yet state-building is what Hamas wants, as surely as it wants eventually to annihilate Israel. Palestinian newspapers supportive of the movement have carried numerous opinion columns over the past week elucidating both of these distinct goals. On the one hand, wrote Hebron-based Islamist Yusuf Al Amayreh in the daily *Falastin*, it's vital for Muslim Brotherhood parties everywhere that Hamas, a Brotherhood offshoot, prove its mettle at governance, so "that it may lead the Palestinian people politically, administratively, civilly, and socially with success." On the other hand, warned the celebrated Jordanian columnist Yasir Al Zaatrah, the Muslim world demands that Hamas keep fighting: "Hamas must understand that the *umma* is watching them carefully, and the masses that granted them love and confidence will not accept from them any behavior that conflicts with their conscience. They must remember that there are five million Palestinians abroad who are more biased toward Hamas's choice of resistance than [are] the Palestinians of the interior."

Hamas will learn from Israel over the next few weeks that it cannot have the security or space to pursue the former ambition as long as Palestinians act on the latter cry for blood. This principle applies whether or not the P.A. receives aid from the United States and Europe. Not only will Western funding do little to dissuade Hamas of the merits of terrorism to which its followers are committed; it is also evidently unnecessary to persuade Hamas to pursue a benign state-building agenda to which it is also committed. As such, it would be preferable for a Hamas-led civil administration to behave, of necessity, as a sponge for Iran's fungible capital, rather than for it to enjoy the luxury of using or disbursing that capital for terrorism.

IRAN CAN AFFORD to keep a Hamas-led P.A. afloat, though the investment would not escape the attention of Iran's people. Of the $190 million per month that the P.A. is projected to spend in 2006, according to the International Monetary Fund's December 2005 estimates, approximately $40 million will come from its own revenue, and about $70 million is slated to be transferred by Israel (minus some deductions for the cost of goods and services provided to the P.A.). But, on Sunday, Israel's government announced its intention to withhold last month's remittances of about $50 million to the Palestinians pending a commitment by Hamas to recognize Israel, disarm, and disavow terrorism. Whether the Jewish state will hold back indefinitely remains unclear. Last year, Arab donors spent roughly $20 million per month, and the United States and Europe were expected to make up most of the difference. The IMF and World Bank have identified approximately $20 million per month in wasted expenses that a hard-nosed reformist administration should be able to cut. But, assuming Hamas makes good on its campaign pledges to cut waste (and depending on whether Israel withholds tax monies), this would still leave a shortage of roughly $40 to $90 million.

In this situation, Hamas would approach Arab states and Iran for help. As Mashal told Al Arabiya television last week, "Our *umma*, which we are proud of, is our assurance and our support. It is a citadel. ... It is our partner and a partner to the Palestinian people." Gulf states may be inclined to respond by ratcheting up their already formidable giving. But the Washington Institute for Near East Policy's Patrick Clawson questions whether they will underwrite a great deal more of the debt themselves. (American and European pressure on Arab donor-states is a mitigating factor. What's more, several Arab governments are unenthusiastic at the prospect of a Muslim Brotherhood success.) Given Iran's monthly exportation of approximately 100 million barrels of oil, the Islamic Republic could sustain as much of the P.A.'s obligations as it is called upon to grant—at a cost of $0.10 per barrel of oil for every $10 million it wants to contribute. For a sense of scale, consider that the Hezbollah surcharge per barrel is around $0.13 for that movement's total monthly budget of roughly $13 million. "Though it wouldn't break the bank, it could be something of a strain for Iran to provide this kind of funding to the P.A.," observes Clawson, "especially as President Ahmadinejad promised domestic improvements for Iranians." Any further encumbrance on Iran during the present standoff over Tehran's nuclear ambitions would be in the interests of the United States and Europe. This result would also be an asset to the country's dissidents, who could stir up popular resentment at Iran's profligate spending.

In proclaiming their inclination to turn to Ahmadinejad's Iran for help, Hamas and its supporters have simply joined the ranks of earlier Palestinian leaders in their poor choice of allies. Last week's comments by Mashal about his meetings with Ahmadinejad in Damascus and Tehran evoke the Mufti Haj Amin Al Husseini's meetings with Adolf Hitler, generations of PLO training in Soviet Moscow, and Arafat's alliance with Saddam Hussein during the first Gulf war. If Hamas, too, wants to pick a loser, then at least let the interests of peace be served by the choice. ■

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The fight for Republican foreign policy.

After the Bush Doctrine

BY JOSHUA KURLANTZICK

On the evening of January 29, 2002, President Bush strode to the podium in Congress to deliver the State of the Union address. His speech was a triumph of triumphalism, with roars and applause punctuating nearly every sound bite. Fresh off a quick and massive victory in Afghanistan, Bush outlined his vision for U.S. foreign policy. Speaking firmly, almost with an auditory swagger, Bush told the public that the war on terrorism had given the United States a new mission. We would hunt down terrorists, destroy regimes seeking weapons of mass destruction, and spread freedom throughout the world. He called for the biggest increase in defense spending in decades. And he promised that he would never leave the United States vulnerable, warning, "I will not wait on events while dangers gather."

In subsequent speeches and documents—most notably, the National Security Strategy released in September 2002—the president outlined what came to be known as the Bush Doctrine. According to the doctrine, the United States would increasingly rely on unilateral power—or so-called coalitions of the willing—to achieve its aims in foreign affairs, rather than looking first to the post–World War II global institutions it had embraced for decades. The United States would increasingly use preemptive force, rather than negotiation, to counter the threat from weapons of mass destruction and rogue regimes. Finally, the United States would place a higher priority on promoting market-oriented democracies around the world as a means of strengthening states whose weaknesses provided a harbor for terrorists.

The Bush Doctrine reached the height of its influence with the invasion of Iraq in March 2003. But the failure to find weapons of mass destruction and the rise of a seemingly unexpected insurgency sapped much of its power. Four years after his 2002 State of the Union, the president sounded a strikingly different tone. Speaking before an audience at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington, D.C., in December 2005, Bush had lost some of his bluster. Much of the prewar intelligence on Iraq was wrong, he admitted, and Iraq would continue to suffer cataclysms of violence. Bush then appealed to history to look on his doctrine kindly, as if acknowledging that he had failed to sell it to his contemporaries: He invoked Harry S Truman. According to *Time*, Bush had been reading up on the president from Independence, Missouri, who also faced sharp public disapproval during his second term. Truman, Bush noted to the audience, left office unpopular but found his reputation restored by history for refusing to abandon the reconstruction of postwar Japan. "Harry Truman stuck to his guns," Bush said.

For four years after the Bush Doctrine's inception, the GOP had maintained impressive intraparty unity on foreign policy, uniting Christian social conservatives, neoconservatives, traditional realists, and libertarian-minded business Republicans. This was the result of many factors, including Bush's immense personal popularity, a rally-round-the-flag effect from the war on terrorism, the predominance of Iraq over all other foreign policy issues, and the fact that moderates in the Bush administration, such as Colin Powell, were marginalized within the bureaucracy.

But, now, other schools of foreign policy thought are emerging within the GOP. "The Republican consensus on foreign policy has really fallen apart," says Mark Rozell, an expert on the conservative movement at George Mason University. "With the war going so badly, it leads to more [infighting]." Pragmatic Republicans have realized that the Bush Doctrine cannot be easily applied to other foreign policy crises, such as Iran, and potential 2008 presidential candidates have begun thinking through their foreign policy positions. Even the Bush administration's iron internal discipline has rusted, and moderates have grown more powerful. Inside the administration, says one former official, there is a level of combat over foreign policy that did not exist in the last four years, as hawks like Vice President Dick Cheney find they can no longer silence dissenters.

What emerges is unlikely to be either the neoconservatism embraced by Bush administration purists or the realism that has traditionally been its counterpoint. Instead, says John Hulsman, a senior research fellow at the Heritage Foundation, there will be a struggle for a new direction, one that acknowledges Bush's democratizing vision but incorporates lessons from the previous eight years. Michael Desch, an expert on conservative foreign policy at Texas A&M, agrees: "Someone in 2008 will have to find some balance." Let the games begin.

Within the party, there are now three emerging camps battling over post-Bush foreign policy. Inside the administration, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice is trying to forge a new direction that steps back from the unilateralism and ad hoc coalition-building of the 2002 National Security Strategy without abandoning the document's principles. "We have to deal with the world as it is, but we don't

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have to accept the world as it is," Rice has said, a statement that differentiates her from the president, who sometimes seems unwilling to even deal with the world as it is. Rice's vision has evolved into something between her previously realist emphasis on great power relations and the importance of national sovereignty—"I am a realist," she bluntly told *National Review* in 1999—and the president's transformationalism, which holds that it is more important for the United States to change and improve the world than to respect state borders.

Rice's approach, which essentially accepts the president's goals but not the means of his first term, has three main components. First, the United States cannot discard multilateralism, as the Bush Doctrine suggests. Rather, Washington must revamp alliances and institutions to better fit America's worldview. Second, American diplomats, rather than simply observing and reporting on politics abroad, as traditional realists like Rice's mentor, Brent Scowcroft, might have them do, should act almost like activists, working to transform the societies of even close U.S. allies. Rice has put meat onto this idea of transformational diplomacy, recently announcing that she was shifting diplomats from developed nations to emerging democracies and establishing new one-man posts in important places like Medan, Indonesia. She has also talked tough to friendly countries like Egypt, which she openly rebuked—in front of the Egyptian foreign minister—for arresting opposition leader Ayman Nour. Finally, Rice recognizes that the United States is the world's most powerful moral force and that tarnishing its image—by permitting torture, for example—diminishes Washington's ability to do good. "We care about values, we care about principle," Rice told *The Washington Post* last year. But we must "take policies that are rooted in those values and make them work on a day-to-day basis."

Inheriting the wind, clockwise: Condoleezza Rice, Chuck Hagel, George Allen, John McCain, Sam Brownback, and Jon Kyl.

In part, Rice just has a stronger belief in diplomacy than the neoconservatives, a belief strengthened by her move to Foggy Bottom. (Cabinet officials tend to take on the character of their bureaucracies.) As administration biographer James Mann has noted, Rice has surrounded herself with people, such as Deputy Secretary Robert Zoellick, who came of policy-making age in the late '80s and early '90s—a decade or two later than Cheney or Donald Rumsfeld. As opposed to the era of détente and the Iranian hostage crisis, when U.S. preeminence was under siege, it was a time, Mann wrote last year, "When policymakers saw firsthand how the U.S. could, through negotiations, bring about far-reaching changes. Those who became involved in foreign policy at that time could afford to take U.S. military predominance for granted and rely on diplomacy to reshape the world."

And, unlike Powell, Rice can actually implement her ideas. The deterioration of Iraq has reduced the appetite for more military adventures. Furthermore, Rice has a close relationship with President Bush. She is able to demonstrate to him that Foggy Bottom can be a tool for him, not an obstacle to his plans. "When he became secretary of state, [Powell] was a threat to everyone else in the administration," says Adam Garfinkel, a former assistant to Rice. "But Condi's not a threat to the president." Meanwhile, four years of intra-administration combat and legal problems have tired the Office of the Vice President. Indeed, Cheney still has some of the same players in his office who have been there since 2001, but Rice has brought in new talent, such as counselor Philip Zelikow, who co-authored the *9/11 Commission Report*. Zelikow has come in fresh and full of ideas, says one official, giving Rice more power in the so-called interagency process—the all-important dealings with the Pentagon and other executive branch departments.

The hawks have been weakened in other ways as well. Though Democrats fought the transfer of John Bolton from the State Department to the United Nations, having Bolton out of the interagency process has smoothed the way for Rice. Meanwhile, says James Dobbins, a former administration envoy to Afghanistan, the rise of career civil servants within the Pentagon has tamped down the ideological fervor at Defense. Paul Wolfowitz, formerly the department's number-two, has been replaced by Gordon England, whom Dobbins calls "a smooth, competent manager, rather than someone like Wolfowitz." And the hawks have hurt themselves, too. One former official notes that, after Rumsfeld gave a speech in Singapore last June implicitly questioning the wisdom of engagement with China, experts inside and outside the administration asked him what he would do instead. He didn't have an answer, the former official says.

Perhaps most important, Rice is directing policy at State with a strong hand—a sharp contrast from her management of the National Security Council, which was criticized by many (including me) as ineffective.

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"She has surrounded herself with a lot more like-minded people [than Powell]," explains former State Department Policy Planning aide Stewart Patrick. And, "at lower levels, a lot of people at State feel more cut out of the process." Rice, unlike Powell, does not brief the deputy assistant secretaries—relatively high-ranking officers—on meetings of administration principals, according to another former State official. Powell's greater tolerance for dissent allowed for creative thinking but also undermined State in its dealings with the more disciplined Pentagon. By contrast, Patrick says, now "the message [within State] is very controlled, so they have a more common front when they approach the interagency."

Rice has used all this leverage to take more control of foreign policy. In the first Bush administration, hawks prevented State Department envoy James Kelly from doing more than reading prepared statements to Pyongyang's diplomats in the six-party talks to end North Korea's nuclear program. But Rice, who is skeptical enough of the North Koreans to assuage the president's concerns about Kim Jong Il, has won the freedom from Bush to push real negotiations with the North Koreans—and she has successfully convinced them to commit publicly to dismantling their nuclear weapons program. On a trip to Europe in late autumn, Rice convinced European leaders to boost NATO's presence in Afghanistan, even though she faced hostile questions on the continent over the CIA's policy of "extraordinary rendition." On China, Zoellick has led a fruitful, and blunt, dialogue with top Chinese leaders. Admitting that containing China was impossible, Zoellick said that the United States cannot "try to hold China at arm's length" and pushed to institutionalize new high-level bilateral dialogues with Beijing. Then Zoellick pivoted, telling the Chinese that, on certain issues—the trade deficit, for example—Chinese malfeasance will not be tolerated. And, on Iran, *The Wall Street Journal* reported in October that State proposed expanding diplomatic links with Tehran, and Rice subsequently told Congress that the administration would consider direct contacts with Iran—though, since then, the nuclear crisis has further deteriorated.

Outside the administration, some of Rice's ideas enjoy support. But, because Bush has built support within the party for transformationalism, realists who disparage democratization won't be able to cash in on Rice's rollback of GOP foreign policy thinking. As Scott McConnell of the paleoconservative *American Conservative* admits, "I don't see an institutional framework that has developed within the Republican Party for a true realist." At the Heritage Foundation, where many wonks chafe at the influence of the neoconservative American Enterprise Institute, Hulsman says he and his colleagues are shopping for potential 2008 candidates and working for "a Truman moment," in which a different GOP foreign policy vision could shelve neoconservatism inside the party.

That candidate could be Senator Chuck Hagel, who has called for an exit strategy in Iraq, pushed for engaging Iran, made initial forays to Iowa and New Hampshire, and meets frequently with Colin Powell, an old friend. True, Hagel is something of a classical realist and might take a more skeptical stance toward, say, Israel, which Bush has ardently supported. But, like Rice, Hagel doesn't shy away from couching ideas in moral rhetoric, calling for an American "commitment to principle" overseas while also insisting that alliances and international institutions can bolster U.S. influence, not degrade it. Hagel also believes that losing the trust of the world only erodes America's moral force. As one Hagel associate says, the senator believes that "America is a city on a hill, but it doesn't [necessarily] come down and intervene in others' affairs."

HAGEL IS HARDLY the only GOP senator showing up in early primary states. In October, Sam Brownback visited New Hampshire to assess his viability in a 2008 run. The Kansas senator has said that his campaign would center on the moral and religious issues that have always animated his politics. That focus has led Brownback to embrace foreign policy priorities that differ from Bush's. The president's religiosity, whatever flourishes it may lend his rhetoric, does not necessarily translate into a focus on spiritual issues abroad, but rather what the president sees as a moral approach to more traditional threats, such as rogue states. By contrast, Brownback's evangelical background and current conservative Catholicism (he converted in 2002, while in office) leads him to focus more specifically on promoting religious freedom abroad. His other foreign policy priorities flow from that.

A Brownback associate says the senator's foreign policy will center on preserving religious freedom and addressing suffering so horrific that truly moral people cannot ignore it, including the suffering caused by HIV and other infectious diseases, human trafficking, and sex trafficking. Brownback will tie these topics into Americans' image of their country, says the associate, so that seemingly alien issues resonate with the GOP base. Brownback will "use these to make people think, 'What kind of America do we want?' " says one congressional staffer. "It's not always that he makes a case that trafficking is dangerous to the U.S., but that [fighting it] reflects the kind of America you want to live in."

Brownback's vision would be a radical break from many elements of conservatism, especially realism, which has traditionally downplayed substate or nonstate threats like global disease. Even the more interventionist neoconservatives have focused on state threats to U.S. primacy, not global economic and social forces—sometimes to their peril, since, even after September 11, some hawks in the administration were trying to shift the focus from a nonstate threat, Al Qaeda, to a state threat, Iraq. And nearly all Republicans now support the idea, enunciated in the Bush Doctrine, that promoting market-oriented democracies around the world will foster peace. But, by focusing on some of the problems raised by globalization, Brownback implicitly

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questions whether capitalism, absent other policy initiatives, can resolve certain moral challenges.

In fact, says longtime Republican foreign policy consultant Richard Burt, Brownback's vision could bring him closer to the Democratic Party of the '90s, when foreign policy revolved around issues like human rights and infectious disease. (Some of Brownback's allies on issues like trafficking and disease have been those liberals, like the late Minnesota Senator Paul Wellstone, who are highly skeptical of the human toll of globalization.) But, unlike Bill Clinton, who saw American leadership of world institutions like the United Nations as the best way to handle transnational threats, Brownback, though respectful of international organizations, is more willing to rely on ad hoc coalitions to achieve his aims. He has done so on Sudan, for example, where Christian conservatives partnered closely with African American groups to raise its profile in the news media. And, unlike Clinton, whose globalization rhetoric had only a limited moral and religious component, Brownback's ideas center on using U.S. power to make global integration more moral—even if that means emphasizing areas of the world with less obvious strategic importance, such as Africa.

Brownback has already begun to act on his vision. In 2004, he led efforts to pass the North Korea Human Rights Act, which formally put Pyongyang's human rights record on Washington's agenda. Brownback talked about the moral basis for the bill and how it reflected America's best image of itself. He also offered a security rationale for the legislation, comparing Pyongyang today to Moscow in the '80s, when Ronald Reagan's tough language helped foster the collapse of the Soviet Union. The United States was "condemning [the Soviet Union] or calling it an evil empire, and this regime in North Korea remains evil," Brownback told the *Los Angeles Times*. Similarly, on Sudan, and in other parts of the Muslim world, Brownback has argued that advocating religious freedom not only reflects America's moral values, but also helps halt the spread of radical Islam.

Though some Republican analysts view his 2008 candidacy as a long shot, Brownback's moralism has won him support from social conservatives, human rights activists, and even moderates who respect his advocacy. Rice's principled neorealism won't fly with social conservatives, who have strongly backed transforming the Middle East and intervening in humanitarian causes. "I don't think there is less enthusiasm in the evangelical community [after Iraq] for transforming the world," says Richard Cizik, vice president for governmental affairs at the National Association of Evangelicals. And politicians who reach out to social conservatives on only a few discrete issues, as Bush did in 2000, can no longer succeed. "Our focus groups show evangelical leaders have a big picture," Cizik says, adding that they want a candidate with a broad worldview who applies moral thought to many issues, from climate change to North Korea to immigration.

Even beyond social conservatives, Brownback has begun to make waves. *Rolling Stone* recently profiled him, highlighting his base of support. Brownback could win backing from American Jewish groups for his staunch support of Israel. And, on North Korea, Brownback has formed a coalition that includes not only social conservatives, but also more hard-nosed geopolitical strategists who see the potential for using human rights to unseat Kim Jong Il—the kind of alliance Bush was able to form in his first term.

IN CONTRAST WITH Hagel and Brownback are Republicans who would take foreign policy in a more nationalist direction. This group includes Senators George Allen and Jon Kyl—both respected foreign policy voices and both potential presidential candidates—who have less tolerance for the moral and transnational issues pushed by Brownback and do not see the need for the multilateralism advocated by Rice. Instead, they focus on state threats and solutions to those threats that the United States can implement unilaterally. That is why one of the nationalists' top security issues, particularly in the '90s, was missile defense.

But, today, the nationalists are concerned chiefly with trade, on which they harbor a degree of protectionism, and immigration, which they would like to curtail severely. Despite occasional deviations, such as the 2002 steel tariffs, Bush and close allies like Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist tend to take orthodox positions on free trade. Indeed, the Bush Doctrine dubs trade and the creation of market economies abroad essential, and Frist was rated a "free trader" by the libertarian Cato Institute. Bush's immigration initiative, meanwhile, centers on a guest-worker program that essentially grants amnesty to migrants who entered the country illegally. Free trade and open immigration are supported by the party's pro-business faction, as well as by moderates like Hagel and Rice.

This leaves a gap that either Kyl or Allen could fill by appealing to growing public anti-immigration sentiment and economic insecurity. Marshall Wittman, a former staffer for John McCain who now works at the Progressive Policy Institute, says there's room within the GOP for a nationalist who will "take a position more skeptical of the guest-worker program." And several congressional staffers say that, in the wake of this summer's furor over the potential Chinese purchase of U.S. oil company Unocal, members of Congress increasingly complain the White House has been too lenient on trade issues with China.

On immigration, one GOP foreign policy specialist with close knowledge of both senators says that Kyl is "more inclined to creating a framework for immigration before we talk about letting people in." Indeed, in sharp contrast to McCain—who favors finding a way for illegal immigrants to works toward full citizenship—Kyl, his fellow senator from Arizona, has proposed an initiative that would tighten border security and force foreign workers to return home before they could apply to work in the United States. This is the opposite of Bush's idea, which would allow illegal immi-

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grants to apply for legal status while simultaneously trying to regulate new immigration and bolster security. Meanwhile, several GOP strategists say that, in the run-up to the 2006 and 2008 elections, Allen is also likely to make opposition to liberal guest-worker programs a centerpiece of his agenda. Allen, says Robert Holsworth of Virginia Commonwealth University, "will be much more nationalist on immigration and trade than Bush."

But nationalists like Kyl and Allen differ from paleoconservatives like Pat Buchanan, who espouse a xenophobic isolationism. GOP consultants say that, because the party needs the Latino vote—a constituency courted by Bush—it would be difficult for Buchanan or firebrand Representative Tom Tancredo to move the party in a completely nativist direction. Indeed, these new nationalists express skepticism of trade or immigration without blaming immigrants or foreign workers for America's economic problems. They do this, says one congressional staffer, by emphasizing the security benefits of tougher immigration restrictions, arguing that open borders could contribute to terrorism, rather than the ways in which immigration undermines America's economy and culture, as paleocons do.

This approach applies to trade as well. Kyl and Allen couch their trade initiatives in mercantilist security rhetoric, rather than the winners-and-losers-of-globalization rhetoric favored by leftist critics of trade and the job-loss critique offered by paleocons. This framing resonates with two groups of Republicans: economic protectionists and security hawks. In mid-November, Allen quietly signed a letter to Bill Frist threatening to block budget negotiations if Congress repealed the Byrd Amendment, a protectionist measure that the World Trade Organization has declared illegal. And Allen has taken the lead of the hawkish Senate Taiwan Caucus and has used his position on the Foreign Relations Committee to argue that free trade with China, and China's consequent intellectual property violations and state interference in its economy, are harming U.S. high-tech research and America's search for energy resources, both vital to U.S. security. Along similar lines, Kyl has questioned the conventional wisdom that, since China was granted permanent normal trade relations in 2002, Washington cannot step back from growing economic integration with Beijing. At a mid-2005 congressional hearing on U.S.-China relations, Kyl demanded that Bush officials enunciate specific steps to punish China, and he questioned the administration's inaction on Beijing's "violation of rules."

THE GROWTH OF these three schools of thought, however, does not mean the Bush Doctrine is dead; true believers remain in the party and in the administration itself. Cheney still has the president's ear, and he doesn't back down easily—he replaced former confidante I. Lewis Libby with the equally hard-line David Addington. Bush himself never publicly wavers from the idea of transforming the Middle East, and the new National Intelligence Strategy, released in October, again enshrines preemption and democracy promotion as U.S. policy. More broadly, neoconservatives have become deeply ingrained within the administration. The powerful American Enterprise Institute (AEI), once home to a broad range of Republicans, is increasingly dominated by neoconservative thinkers. Meanwhile, the Project for the New American Century, which was one of the earliest advocates of military action against Iraq, has begun to wind down, having served its purpose of injecting neoconservatism into the GOP bloodstream.

And then there is McCain, probably the best chance for believers in the 2002 National Security Strategy to keep their vision alive. Ironically, despite his past clashes with the Bush court, McCain is probably the truest heir to Bush's foreign policy doctrine. Unlike Rice, McCain does not blend realism and transformationalism; his democratizing instincts run deep. In the 2000 Republican presidential primaries, it was McCain who talked of democratization and preemption, focusing on the idea of "rogue-state rollback." In a recent speech at AEI, it was McCain who not only refused the idea of an exit strategy for Iraq, but also called for at least 10,000 more troops on the ground. "The promotion of democracy has been central to McCain, going back a decade. I'd be surprised if he downplayed it in any way," says one Republican strategist.

McCain hews closer to Bush in other ways as well. Unlike the nationalists or even Brownback, McCain is as pure a free trader as the president. Indeed, McCain has enjoyed a 100 percent rating from the Cato Institute, topping even Frist, and he was an advocate of NAFTA and a skeptic of offshore tax breaks. What's more, unlike Rice, McCain tends to be more skeptical of international institutions and multilateralism. He has vociferously criticized the United Nations: In the '90s, McCain supported paying dues to the United Nations only after significant reforms, and he voted against the Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. More recently, McCain prodded the White House to take an extremely tough stance on Iran. And, unlike Brownback, he tends to be skeptical of religious and moralist foreign policy that emphasizes spiritual issues abroad, especially when it focuses on regions of the world not germane to core U.S. interests.

In a presidential campaign, selling a continuation of the Bush Doctrine to a Republican base scarred by Iraq and moving toward nationalism might seem a tall order. McCain's personal popularity could help him during the Republican primaries, but Richard Burt, the veteran GOP foreign policy analyst, says there are other ways the senator could tweak the Bush Doctrine to make it saleable, while remaining a committed proponent. McCain will have to talk about democratization as part of a larger strategy that appeals to Republicans, Burt says—a strategy of "maintenance of regional balances and nonproliferation—and, in that process, you can nudge peaceful change [in the Middle East] along toward greater openness." But, unless he, too, wants to rely on the public's memory of Truman's success in Japan, he'll have to fight for it. ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Settlers and Unsettlers

THEN THERE'S THE TERRENCE Malick problem. He made his feature writing-directing debut in 1973 with *Badlands*, which was based on an actual Midwest murder spree by two young people. The film was starkly directed, with an engrossing screenplay that blended perception and a kind of numbed compassion. It seemed to signal the appearance of an American "European" director (a perhaps patronizing term, yet apt). When we learned that Malick had been a teacher of philosophy at MIT, it increased our congratulations to ourselves on our good luck. An intellectual with true talent had entered our film world. The sun shone.

THE NEW WORLD
(New Line)

WHY WE FIGHT
(Sony Pictures Classics)

But dimmed. It was five years before the next Malick film, *Days of Heaven*, which dealt with the emigration of some Chicago people to the wheat country around 1900. Malick envisioned it as an ode to natural American grandeur, which was so marvelously rendered by Néstor Almendros's camera that it almost overcame the film's weakness as a story—but not quite. Oh well, we urged ourselves to think, a philosopher's picture.

Ten years passed before we got the next Malick film, *The Thin Red Line*, based on James Jones's novel about the invasion of Guadalcanal. This time any possible cogency and force were sacrificed to character study, and the philosopher ointment had a tougher time soothing us. Still, we could console ourselves with the idea that a thoughtful person had pondered long before he moved, and, whatever the result, it was at least the fruit of a considerable mind.

Now, eight years later, comes Malick's next picture, only his fourth in thirty-two years, and it leaves us even more painfully pinned between discriminating ambition and flaccid result. **THE NEW WORLD** is a perfect title for the picture. This term describes the effect that America had on the first European arrivals, an effect well embodied here. In 1607 an English expedition lands in Virginia, establishes contact with the "naturals" (as they call the natives), and begins the long history of harmonies and wars between Europeans and Indians. What is most moving in these earlier sequences is Malick's ability—with Emmanuel Lubezki's cinematography—to re-create the enchantment of English eyes with sheer space. (Fellini once said that as a boy in Italy, he liked to go to westerns just to see unimaginable space.) A new world, indeed.

Right from the start, however, Malick seems determined to worry us. The score, credited to James Horner, soon introduces Wagnerian horns playing the Rhine theme from *The Ring of the Nibelung*, and before we can deal with that astonishment, we get large sections of a Mozart piano concerto—all while the Englishmen are getting settled and the naturals are worrying about the settlers' possible takeover. Quite apart from the fact that these scores lay a few centuries ahead, what relevance did Malick think they had to his film? And why did he want to distract us with puzzlement about it?

Filmic troubles increase. Captain John Smith, the only professional soldier in the English company, is played by Colin Farrell, whose insipidity in Oliver Stone's *Alexander* helped to sink that film and does much to mar this one. A romance develops between Smith and (though her name is not mentioned) Pocahontas, the daughter of the local Indian king. This is historically false: she was in fact eleven or twelve years old at the time. And it isn't helped by Q'Orianka Kilcher in the role. As is often the case with "native" girls in films about white people abroad, she is meant to enrapture us with dreams of what we are missing in our straitened lives. This is beyond Kilcher's power.

Troubles in this romance and larger troubles between the colonizers and the natives eddy about, but there is little sense of organism to the story. Everything new that happens seems merely an addition to what has gone before. At last Smith is summoned back to England. Pocahontas does her Dido-like lament, then consoles herself with John Rolfe, who arrives soon after. Eventually they marry, and Rolfe takes her back to England. There, of course, we are surrounded by the formal gardens of English palaces, in contrast to American naturalness.

The opinion that Malick forces on us, out of the decades since his first (and last) good film, is that he can perceive but that his purely cinematic mind, the ability to transmute his ideas into sustained films, is weak. We are told that he cut fifteen minutes from *The New World* after its limited release in December, but this hasn't eliminated its languors and lags. (It still runs 135 minutes.) Sometimes—in the matter of Pocahontas's fate, for instance—it is simply confusing.

Malick continues to float along the edge of the American film world as an unusually intelligent personage who occasionally delivers the fruit of his meditations. But his role as adjunct *philosophe* is better than the films he eventually gives us.

A documentary called **WHY WE FIGHT** by Eugene Jarecki is a much more disciplined work than Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*, yet it has something of the same effect. Jarecki examines this country's approach to the Iraq war and the conduct of it, and after the film's ninety-nine minutes are over, we realize that we haven't learned one new fact of any importance or heard one new thought, and yet we are glad that the picture exists. Of course, like Moore's film, it will be seen for the most part by people who already agree with it, but that doesn't seem sufficient reason for not making it.

At the start we get a bit of Dwight Eisenhower's famous final presidential

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television talk in 1961 in which he warned of the growth of the military-industrial complex. (Years later, John McCain agrees with him.) Another comment of Eisenhower's that we hear: he dreads the day when someone sits in his chair who has no military experience.

Jarecki reminds us of the horrendous Vietnam venture, beginning with the Gulf of Tonkin deception, and then takes us on up to Iraq and Afghanistan. Plentiful time is given to Dick Cheney and (without specific accusation) Halliburton's prosperity. Comments from Richard Perle and Paul Wolfowitz and William Kristol and their fellows are interwoven with comments from McCain, John Eisenhower, Chalmers Johnson, and *their* fellows. Johnson, formerly a consultant to the CIA, says that the United States is now charged with an ambition to be the new Rome. Jarecki's film implies support of this view.

One narrative threaded throughout is of Wilton Sekzer, a New York policeman who lost a son on September 11 and who at first agitated to have his son's name painted on a bomb that was to be dropped on Iraq. Now he doesn't exactly regret his action, but he has reservations about the connection between the Iraq war and the terrorists who bombed the World Trade Center, a doubt that the picture helps us to share.

Jarecki says that his film doesn't precisely answer the question in his title. He is mistaken. ■

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Peer and the Pariah

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES OF Laurence Olivier by Terry Coleman and of Elia Kazan by Richard Schickel provide an interesting contrast between the aesthetic values and the political attitudes of two important British and American cultural figures. They also reveal a few unexpected similarities between these icons of twentieth-century film and theater.

OLIVIER
By Terry Coleman
(Henry Holt)

ELIA KAZAN: A BIOGRAPHY
By Richard Schickel
(HarperCollins)

The resemblances can be glimpsed in the way the two men's lives unfolded. Born within two years of each other, Olivier and Kazan seem to have led overlapping, sometimes intersecting careers, without ever having actually worked or socialized together. For one thing, they shared an interest in the plays of Arthur Miller, Kazan's closest friend until their famous political breach. Olivier directed *The Crucible* at the National Theatre after Jed Harris had mauled it on Broadway, and Miller expressed gratitude that for once a director had shown respect for his language. And it was probably inevitable that Olivier, Kazan, and Miller would all find common enemies in Lee and Paula Strasberg, the Central Park West Svengalis who exercised such a powerful influence over American acting throughout much of the last century.

Another point of intersection was the Strasbergs' celebrity meal ticket, Marilyn Monroe. Show business is a tight little island, but it is still a curious coincidence that Monroe should have been successively one of Kazan's occasional bedfellows, Miller's second wife, Olivier's detested co-star in *The Prince and the Showgirl*, and the model for the character of Maggie in Miller's *After the Fall*. That unfortunate play, the first that Kazan directed following their reconciliation, was dogged by even more crisscrossing connections. Miller, Schickel observes, "had chosen to write about the very events that had sundered [Kazan's and his] relationship and about the very woman they had once shared. Beyond that, Miller had based one of his characters on Kazan. Who, in turn, had cast his current mistress in the role of their formerly shared lover." By this point, everyone seems to be scrambling between the sheets of the same four-poster.

The two men's formative years, reflecting their class and national differences, were totally dissimilar: Olivier was the son of a Hampshire clergyman, Kazan the son of an Anatolian rug dealer. Yet each served an apprenticeship with an idealistic theater company that would influence the nature of his artistic choices and the direction of his career. After becoming a major Hollywood heartthrob in the late 1930s, playing Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, Maxim de Winter in *Rebecca*, and Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice* all within two short years, Olivier interrupted his rising film career to return to the Old Vic for a few seasons of classics. Joining Ralph Richardson, Joyce Redman, and other aspiring repertory actors to play such ambitious roles as Oedipus, Hotspur, Richard III, and Astrov, Olivier took a significant dip in income and celebrity to indulge his love of the stage, even embarking on an eight-month tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Kazan's stint with the Group Theater—first as an apprentice, then as an actor primarily cast as gangsters—preceded his auspicious movie-directing career. And although he absorbed the passionate idealism of Harold Clurman and other members of the Group, he was not particularly known for subordinating his own ambitions to a larger purpose. The one area in which he briefly practiced some self-discipline was politics, having joined the communist cell of the Group. Kazan proved too independent to remain long in the grip of that clenched fist, though he claimed to be a critic of capitalism throughout his life. Indeed, he liked to call the opening night of *Waiting for Lefty*—when the actors incited the audience to join them in calling for an imaginary taxi strike—his most memorable moment in theater. It was, significantly, a moment of political rabble-rousing, not of artistic transcendence. But those years at the Group had an impact on Kazan's life equivalent to Olivier's years at the Old Vic, forging artistic friendships and instilling the kind of values by which he measured all his future compromises.

NEITHER KAZAN NOR OLIVIER could separate his personal relationships from his work. Nor could Miller. All were married three times, with their unions describing a similar trajectory. Each man's first wife was sexually remote, the second sexually unstable, and the third a warmhearted mother figure providing more domestic than erotic satisfactions. If Olivier's marriage to Vivien Leigh, Miller's to Marilyn Monroe, and (to a

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lesser extent) Kazan's to Barbara Loden proved to be the most troublesome of the three relationships, that was because those were seriously troubled women. All were frequently unfaithful to their husbands (who were hardly monogamous themselves). Leigh even kept an open *ménage à trois*. "Well, which of you is coming to bed with me tonight?" she once asked Olivier and Peter Finch.

While Monroe and Loden were highly neurotic, Leigh often trembled on the edge of psychosis. That was no doubt one reason why Kazan cast her as Blanche DuBois in his film of *A Streetcar Named Desire* (she had already played the role in London under Olivier's direction). Employing a technique of psychic calibration that always served the director well, Kazan manipulated Leigh's manic-depressive state to heighten the neurosis of Williams's delicately poised heroine. The method worked, bringing Leigh close to breakdown. A few years later, in one of those moments when life imitates art, a nurse came to the house to take Leigh to a mental institution.

Kazan manipulated playwrights as well. His direction of plays by Miller, Williams, and Inge amounted almost to co-authorship (Eric Bentley once called such productions "Essays of Elia"). Responding to the censors, Kazan had Stella walk out on Stanley at the end of the movie version of *Streetcar*. And he famously changed the ending of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* so as to make the hopeless relationship between Brick and Maggie seem more positive. (The pliant Williams stormed out of the theater shouting, "I don't care what you do. I want a hit!") Kazan was more circumspect with Miller, though he wanted to order Willy's flashbacks in *Death of a Salesman* more chronologically. He no doubt influenced all the plays and screenplays he directed. Olivier, too, though always respectful of the works he did on stage, was not above cutting Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Fortinbras out of his movie of *Hamlet*, along with one of the play's most celebrated soliloquies, to obey a producer's order to keep it under two and half hours.

Both men were responsible for some very impressive movies—Kazan's finest being *Streetcar*, *Viva Zapata!*, and *On the Waterfront*; Olivier's being *Henry V* and *Richard III*. Neither, for lack of financial backing, directed the movie he most wanted to make—for Kazan, a sequel to *America, America*; for Olivier, *Macbeth*. More significantly, both capped their careers by forming new theater companies: Kazan at Lincoln Center, in partnership with the Broadway producer Robert Whitehead; Olivier at the National Theatre, assisted by John Dexter and William Gaskill as associate directors and Kenneth Tynan as dramaturge. Finally, both directors were fired by their boards: Kazan after two seasons, Olivier after ten, two years before the opening of the theater building on the South Bank that bears his name.

These highly publicized dismissals deserve closer scrutiny, not just for the way they were handled, but for the reasons behind them. According to Terry Coleman, Olivier's difficulties with his board were largely the result of his loyalty to Tynan, a man the biographer clearly detests. The newly radicalized Tynan, having been converted to Marxism after seeing *Mother Courage*, was forcing some dubious play choices on the more conservative Olivier. The most damaging of these was Rolf Hochhuth's *Soldiers*, which charged Churchill with the murder of the wartime Polish leader Sikorsky, on cooked-up evidence that the playwright claimed was locked in a Swiss vault for fifty years. When the board vetoed the choice, Tynan produced *Soldiers* on the West End, further inflaming the board's chairman. Indeed, Tynan, who was always trying to assume powers beyond his function, managed to irritate the bejesus out of everybody at the National, including Olivier's two associate directors; he was rewarded for his efforts by having his status reduced from "literary director" to "literary consultant" and finally to literary civilian when he was fired without severance pay. Olivier had tired of defending him. And when Tynan eventually died of emphysema in Mexico, his former defender coldly remarked, "Well, he was no more use to me."

Olivier didn't last much longer. His devotion to Tynan, so curious considering how consistently that critic had trashed his wife's acting, was even less comprehensible in the light of Olivier's conservative politics and tastes. By comparison with the tremulous warbling of Shakespearean opera singers such as John Gielgud and Maurice Evans, Olivier's Shakespeare had the ring of real speech. But compared with the vigorous new theater being practiced at George Devine's Royal Court and Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal, he must have seemed like a crustacean. It is to the man's enduring credit that, prodded by Tynan and his third wife, Joan Plowright, he made an effort to embrace the works of newer playwrights (most notably playing Archie Rice in John Osborne's *The Entertainer*) when his own aesthetic was obviously much closer to that of the old actor laddies of the Old Vic. The board rewarded his adventurousness by negotiating behind his back with Peter Hall to take over the National. It broke Olivier's heart.

A similar fate overtook Kazan at Lincoln Center, though for very different reasons. Kazan, as I wrote in this magazine perhaps too insistently at the time, was clearly an odd choice to create a not-for-profit resident theater company in America, precisely because his roots were so firmly planted in the commercial system. (Even the anti-commercial Group was obliged to perform in a Broadway house under the pressures of the box office.) No doubt for that reason, his choices during the first Lincoln Center season—Miller's *After the Fall*, O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, and S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*—were not much different from those of a Broadway management. And when he finally undertook his first classic, *The Changeling* by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley (perhaps at the instigation of those who, like myself, believed he owed a debt to a broader repertory), the result proved to be an embarrassment. (Coincidentally, Olivier was also brought down partly because of a badly produced play from the same period, John Ford's *The Broken Heart*, staged at the instigation of Tynan.)

Schickel seems to have some problem with Kazan's Lincoln Center critics, dismissing the quarrels over the repertory as essentially academic and calling me "an envious scold of Broadway," possibly because I shared some of the "cranky standards" of my predecessor at this magazine, Eric Bentley. Envious, no. A scold, perhaps. Cranky, no doubt. And I agree that Kazan should have been allowed more time to develop his program and his company. But given Kazan's provincial theatrical tastes, so different from Olivier's devotion to world theater, the ending was foreordained. As for *The Changeling*, the trouble, Schickel concludes, was not that the play was done badly but that it was done at all, since it was a "minor and hard-to-stage work—

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kept alive mainly in the survey anthologies inflicted on drama students."

This kind of mildly philistine aside pervades and mars what is otherwise an engrossing book. Actually, *The Changeling* is a masterpiece, a psychological study of love between two monsters as subtle as any in the language, and difficult to produce only if you have never directed a classical play. (Kazan, following in the footsteps of the Group Theater, which did only contemporary American works, had never staged the Greeks, the Elizabethans, Molière, Ibsen, or even Chekhov.) You don't establish your artistic or critical credentials by obliterating the past.

BUT SCHICKEL IS MUCH MORE interesting (and better qualified to write) on the subject of Kazan's movie career. A film critic for the Luce publications, he sometimes patronizes the theater in the same way that theater people used to patronize the movies. (One of those scoffers was Olivier, who once called film an "anemic little medium"—to which the director William Wyler replied that it was "the best medium ever invented.") Like Kazan, Olivier worked brilliantly in both theater and film, and it is possible to appreciate both men's work in the two forms. A more important question is which system allowed its artists the greater freedom.

Schickel clearly believes that theater is a dog that has had its day, and that its artifacts are not worth the study. "Simply put, film history is now a bustling subculture," he writes. "Theatrical history is, in contrast, a backwater." Elsewhere he remarks: "Maybe the world has moved on past the repertory dream." Well, perhaps it has, but if so, then the world has moved past the dream of a serious theater culture, and the lives of a lot of dedicated people, past and present, have been wasted, including Olivier.

Schickel's dismissive attitude toward what he identifies as "the avant-garde and the exotic" is based on what Olivier used to call "mediocracy," in which the quality of art is measured by its mass appeal, and genius by its accumulated awards. It marks the return of populism, disguised as "anti-elitism," a form of dumbocracy that has been insinuating itself into the discourse of the middle-class laity and their periodicals over the past twenty years, unchallenged by the defunct little magazines or the pistol-packing intellectuals who used to write for them.

COLEMAN'S TREATMENT OF Olivier has none of these populist overtones, possibly because the author is a bit of a Tory snob, though he is more taken by celebrity than class. ("Anyone who was anyone was there," he typically writes of a Beverly Hills party.) Coleman knows even less about theater than Schickel does. He reduces Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* to a play "in which all the cast turn into animals," and complains that Olivier had only a "small part" in *Peer Gynt*, when he played the important cameo role of the Button Moulder.

Coleman lacks either the interest or the ability to make vivid Olivier's theater performances or the content of his films. What really seems to interest him is gossip—whether Olivier had an affair with Danny Kaye (he didn't), how much he deducted for tax expenses, how many brand-name gowns Leigh bought on a given day. And although a lot of this is juicy, he is a little too eager to pounce pedantically on small factual errors in Olivier's infinitely more colorful accounts of himself (*Confessions of an Actor* and *On Acting*). Coleman's best writing is about Olivier's last decades, his twenty-year decline, when the actor had become the victim of multiple diseases, surviving on forty-eight pills a day.

Like Coleman, Schickel has some difficulty finding new facts about a man who has already confessed all in his own memoir. What he contributes is an impassioned defense of Kazan's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, surely as much a formative experience for him as the war was for Olivier. This is a brave thing for Schickel to do, playing Daniel to the left-wing lions, and he almost pulls it off by contextualizing the whole squabble against the background of Cold War debates. Beginning and ending his book with Kazan's reception of a controversial honorary Academy Award in 1999 at the age of ninety, when some of those present kept their seats during a standing ovation, Schickel correctly argues that communist spies such as Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs were a much more serious threat to American life than Stalinoids in the entertainment industry were willing then (or now) to admit. On the other hand, it is highly questionable whether Hollywood scriptwriters were the dangerous subversives that HUAC believed them to be, or that back-lot westerns and creaky war movies, however imbued with left-wing sloganeering, were capable of bringing down the republic.

Schickel is less successful in discrediting the common belief that Kazan named names not out of patriotic duty, as he affirmed in an unfortunate paid advertisement in *The New York Times*, but rather out of creative opportunism. After all, no matter how ominous was the "dangerous alien conspiracy" Kazan described in his ad, it was hardly necessary to inform on his old friends and associates when he had the option of taking the Fifth and continuing to make a reasonable living in the theater. The actions of Miller, who refused to inform and received a (later suspended) sentence for contempt of Congress, were more exemplary.

There is little doubt that Kazan's testimony was designed to support his filmmaking habit. Harold Clurman once said of Clifford Odets that "he liked to run with the hares and ride with the hounds." He could have been speaking of Kazan. For all his scorn of the bosses, for all his embrace of the working class, he chose to remain in the pocket of a ruthless corporate entity, massaging his conscience from time to time with damp liberal movies such as *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Pinky*. For ensuring his continued association with the Hollywood studio system, he paid a steep price in ostracism, scorn, and the loss of his closest friends. But it is hard to get too upset about whether or not Kazan received a standing O at the Academy Awards. Perhaps this unpleasant affair provides a reason why actors and directors in England are still so respected in comparison with their low standing here. A life in the theater made Olivier into a peer of the realm. In America, it made Kazan, for all his Oscars and Tonys, into a pariah and a pip-squeak.

The two photographs on the covers of these books say a lot about their subjects: Olivier in his prime, before the onset of illness glazed his hooded eyes, broadened his aquiline nose, and flattened his cleft chin, gazing moodily to his left as if preparing to rouse the troops at Agincourt or flutter the Volscians in Corioli; Kazan staring off to his right, probably on location, a bit scruffy in a white sweater, beige chinos, and sneakers, his finger to his lips, perhaps contemplating his next shot. If the books were placed side by side, the two men might be gazing at each other, the heroic English knight and the Greek-American dynamo, each with a world of accomplishment behind him, and ahead a world of woe. ■

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Stephen Kotkin

A Conspiracy So Immense

Terror and tea leaves in the Kremlin.

I.

BEFORE THE SOVIET-ERA ARchives opened wide, foreign scholars trying to make out what had happened, and what might come to pass, took abuse for relying upon hearsay: so-and-so had heard from so-and-so, who in turn had heard from someone in the camps, who was sure that ... [insert fantastic particulars here]. Critics of such hearsay-scholarship had a point. But what few people seem to realize, even now, is that the salient issue might not be the reliability in Stalin's Soviet Union of word of mouth and political divination, but its pervasiveness. Kremlinology arose not at Harvard, but in and around the Kremlin.

Peter Deriabin survived Stalingrad, found his way into the Ian Fleming–sounding SMERSH ("Death to Spies," i.e., Soviet military counterintelligence), and through connections became a personnel officer and the Communist Party secretary in the Kremlin Guards Directorate. All in all, a pretty good click of the heels for an orphan farm boy from Siberia. (Most human traffic moved in the opposite direction.) Deriabin looked on as a senescent Stalin manuevered to contain the indispensable Beria, and Beria snapped one chain after another. In 1952, amid the pandemonium that carried off the head of the Guards Directorate, General Vlasik (Beria's rival and Stalin's longtime chief bodyguard), Deriabin made a soft landing at the Foreign Espionage Directorate. He claims, though, that he got into straits there for preening. "I was surprised," he boasts in his autobiography, "by my new colleagues' ignorance about the Kremlin leaders and their relatives, facts that the Guards Directorate officers knew as a matter of course." Such as—you know—Svetlana's second marriage to Andrei Zhdanov's son Yuri and Vasily Stalin's smashed orgies.

The dictator's death in 1953 spared the chatty Deriabin. But in 1954, at the age of thirty-three, he defected while posted in Vienna, and went on to do dry work for the CIA and write espionage histories and memoirs. He died in 1992. A publisher's note says that *Inside Stalin's Kremlin* was drafted in 1989, and that the author's son posthumously "added material" from his father's notes. (A longer book, *The Secret World*, written with Frank Gibney, which appeared in 1959, covers some of the same ground at greater length and with some differences.) Many of Deriabin's remembrances strain credulity. He admits to lying and blackmailing. But the point is not the veracity of what Deriabin writes, but his evident obsession: Kremlinology.

Kremlin guards were responsible for protecting—that is, spying on—the elite. They noted the whoring, the abortions, the substance abuse, the power grabs. Transcriptions of wiretapped conversations (which were evidently doctored) went to a single addressee. But the ever-changing distribution list within the upper echelons for the guards' reports afforded further insight into the ups and downs of their charges. Some guards, living together in a single apartment complex on Chkalov Street, also cultivated a grapevine. And Deriabin's job in personnel was to spy on the spies. (He claims to have married a Kremlin stenographer only after checking her file to verify that her family contained no inconvenient enemies of the people.) And he took additional cues from his high-placed patron and boss, one of General Vlasik's immediate deputies.

Despite this dress-circle view onto the macabre opera, Deriabin practiced Kremlinology. His recollections even sometimes begin with "Lately, from what *Pravda* and the other newspapers are printing...." Deciphering the official propaganda, bending an ear at gossip, or concocting disinformation to one's advantage did not constitute a diversion, though Deriabin makes it seem pleasurable. Rather, this was how the entire regime operated, and it was what everyone in the Soviet Union did to a degree, the more so the higher up. Amid the inter-ministerial warfare and Mobius-strip intrigues, Stalinist life and death remained opaque, no matter where you stood or whom you knew. It was at the same time formulaic and indeterminate.

A DEFECTOR'S MEMOIR LIKE that of the shadowy Deriabin might seem contaminated by American co-writers and publishers, but consider Georgi Dimitrov, the faithful Bulgarian head of the Com-

INSIDE STALIN'S KREMLIN: AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF BRUTALITY, DUPLICITY, AND INTRIGUE
By Peter S. Deriabin with Joseph C. Evans
(Brassey's, 245 pp., $19.95)

THE DIARY OF GEORGI DIMITROV 1933–1949
Edited by Ivo Banac
(Yale University Press, 495 pp., $45)

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF STALINISM: EVIDENCE FROM THE SOVIET SECRET ARCHIVES
By Paul R. Gregory
(Cambridge University Press, 308 pp., $90)

BEHIND THE FAÇADE OF STALIN'S COMMAND ECONOMY: EVIDENCE FROM THE SOVIET STATE AND PARTY ARCHIVES
Edited by Paul R. Gregory
(Hoover Institution Press, 202 pp., $18.95)

STALIN: A BIOGRAPHY
By Robert Service
(Harvard University Press, 718 pp., $29.95)

THE DICTATORS: HITLER'S GERMANY, STALIN'S RUSSIA
By Richard Overy
(W.W. Norton, 848 pp., $35)

THE DEGAEV AFFAIR: TERROR AND TREASON IN TSARIST RUSSIA
By Richard Pipes
(Yale University Press, 153 pp., $22.95)

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munist International, or Comintern. Following his surprise acquittal in the sensational Reichstag fire trial in Berlin in 1933, Dimitrov lived in Moscow until 1947, when Stalin released him into Sofia. Dimitrov died in 1949, at age sixty-seven. Remarkably, he kept a Moscow diary, which is exquisitely introduced and annotated by the Yale historian Ivo Banac. Cryptic even with these copious notes, his insider account is indispensable to understanding how decoding the lineups on the Lenin Mausoleum was a life-and-death preoccupation.

Dimitrov's diary juxtaposes communism's astonishing globalism—from Comintern HQ in Moscow he dealt with Communist parties in Britain, Italy, Spain, Romania, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Germany, Mexico, Chile, Turkey, France, Palestine, China, Finland, Sweden, Austria, Japan, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and India—with communism's core squalor. The entries are often wonderfully spare: "At Yezhov's (1 o'clock in the morning). (The major spies worked in the Comintern.)" Dimitrov writes, in entirety, of his visit to Stalin's dreaded hangman during the Great Terror. But remarkably, the entries often record the dictator thinking aloud. Dimitrov's Stalin, showing some self-awareness, acknowledges in 1937 that Trotsky "was the most popular man in our country after Lenin."

Dimitrov's Stalin also grouses about his own prison-house hypercentralization. "I am the *only* one dealing with these problems. I am out there *by myself*," the dictator barks at the assembled minions after the brief, intense border war in 1938–1939 with Japan exposed the inability of Soviet fighter aircraft to stay aloft for more than thirty-five minutes. Soviet aviation specialists, upon being summoned, had explained to Stalin that no one had *specifically* tasked them with designing planes to fly longer. Dimitrov's Stalin also delegates (or tries to). "Spoke on the telephone with Comrade Stalin: cannot see me about Chinese affairs," Dimitrov records on February 15, 1940. "Very busy. Has not read the material he was sent. 'There is a lot of paperwork I am not finding time to read. Decide for yourself.' " Right!

Whereas Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav high official and apostate, conversed with Stalin three times, in 1944 and in 1948, Dimitrov had scores of imperial audiences over a long period—and still the Bulgarian felt compelled to turn over the tea leaves. For example, every assembly in the Soviet Union, whether of Stakhanovite miners or classical musicians, "elected" a presidium, to which the gathered also named honorary members from the high elite. In April 1939, Dimitrov frets over his sudden omission in *Pravda*'s coverage of one honor presidium and in *Izvestiya*'s of another. His agitation eases when he learns that his portraits were borne aloft at the May Day parade, which quieted the ominous chitchat about him. But then it happened again. "For the first time on International Women's Day I was *not elected* to the honor presidium," he records on March 8, 1941. "That, of course, is no accident."

Ah, but what *did* it mean? Like Deriabin in the Guards Directorate, Dimitrov—who could scarcely have been closer to the Kremlin—was an inveterate Kremlinologist, studying Mausoleum choreography, divining omens, drowning in rumors.

II.

How far did Kremlinology extend? Nikolai Aseev (1889–1963), once a talented Futurist, lived longer than was healthy for a poet in the Soviet Union. But in September 1940, during a Central Committee meeting to eviscerate someone's screenplay, Aseev summoned the courage to say, about the stories of the Polish writer Wanda Wasilewska (1905–1964), "I have read them, but they did not move me deeply." Stalin had just sung her praises at the meeting. Aseev continued: "Why am I saying this? Because tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, Wanda Wasilewska abruptly will become the single standard for writing achievement. It is one thing, what pleases Comrade Iosif Vissarionovich Stalin, but another to formulate a directive about how we ought to write."

What stands out here is not just the apparent acceptance that there ought to be a directive, but the hope that it be non-subjective. When Aseev further volunteered that Stalin's partiality should not mean "a work or a painting is repeated three hundred thousand times," the dictator himself shouted out in assent, "It doesn't mean that." Then Aseev, an acolyte of Mayakovsky (the posthumously consecrated poet of the revolution), summed up the predicament of the Soviet cultural producer thus: "Sometimes it comes out like this—What do you mean, Stalin said so!"

The Aseev episode, drawn from a once-secret stenogram, is recounted in Evgenii Gromov's untranslated *Stalin: iskusstvo i vlast' (Stalin: Art and Power)*, an important book. Gromov lengthily rehearses the familiar duets—Stalin-Gorky, Stalin-Sholokhov, Stalin-Bulgakov, Stalin-Pasternak—doubling back over well-trod moments, such as the startling intrusions ("Please hold for Comrade Stalin") that aroused hopes and fears but led nowhere. Gromov's palaverous text amply accommodates banalities ("The Vozhd felt himself an auteur of sorts—an auteur of life"). He treats of individual idols, such as the jazz star Leonid Utesov and the radio announcer Yuri Levitan, but not of the Soviet identity that they helped to foster across eleven time zones. He passes over the extensive cultural life of the masses—the factory clubs, the army theaters, the Gulag, the choral groups, the millions of balalaikas.

Gromov apprehends the force of mass culture no better than did Aseev. Wanda Wasilewska's next fiction, *Rainbow*, about an indomitable village in Ukraine under Nazi occupation, won the Stalin Prize in 1943; it enjoyed a print run of 400,000, cost three rubles, and sold out in two days. But Gromov understands Stalin. He reminds us that as a young revolutionary in exile, Stalin, a published poet, obtained a local library card and collected postcards of classic paintings; that he adored Chekhov, for the villains and the heroes, and in company read aloud the great storyteller's "Chameleon"; and that on a questionnaire in 1920, under "profession," Stalin inserted "writer (pundit)."

What Gromov shows above all is that Stalin, already in the 1920s, was deeply involved in overseeing what Marxists called the superstructure. "It is essential to keep in mind," he writes, "that Stalin sometimes worked on questions of policy in art and literature not less than on the weightiest military and economic issues. And he worked on [cultural] matters not now and again but continuously, systematically." He famously screened motion pictures, and regularly attended the theater and the ballet in the czar's box, often making his way backstage. He also read many of the *belles lettres* manuscripts sent to him, making ideological but also stylistic corrections, which, Gromov contends, were "at times fully justified." Stalin's capacity for work took people's breath away.

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At the Kremlin, Stalin sat regularly with the delegations organized for each art form and each of the scores of nationalities as well as with the big names, to dress them down or up. They, in turn, sought not only his favor but also his direction. "The basic demand that we make on a writer is: write the truth, portray our reality that is in itself dialectic," *Izvestiya*'s editor Ivan Gronsky lectured to would-be Soviet literary lions in May 1932. "Therefore the basic method of Soviet literature is the method of socialist realism." This is the earliest known use of "socialist realism," a winning coinage. But in practice how did anyone know whether a novel—let alone a building, a sonata, a photograph, a radio hour, a clothing design—was really socialist realist? Artists put on pedestals were imitated until toppled, while those arrested (never for cultural crimes) fulfilled the role of negative exemplar. But after long narration, Gromov decides that the party's seesawing permissions and prohibitions escape logic. Call in the gypsy palm readers!

Culture in the Stalin era—a struggle over real estate (apartments, dachas) and rank as much as aesthetics—revolved partly around the masses' tastes and worldwide trends, but ultimately around personal networks and whim. The poet Aseev stated the obvious: that state policy amounted to Stalin's publicly expressed tastes. But those tastes were unobvious and inconsistent. "Soviet creative personnel," writes Gromov, "often understood poorly what the Great Leader wanted of them, what sort of aesthetic priorities should guide them." Unwittingly, Gromov underscores this finding with his own piebald characterizations. But in later editions of his book—revisions that he does not (as most publishers in Russia do not) acknowledge when reprinting—Gromov does better. That is because he absorbed the insights of the émigré violinist Yuri Yelagin, whose droll, poignant memoir *The Taming of the Arts* (1951) was published in Russian in 2002, and is probably the best book ever written on culture under Stalin. Following Yelagin, Gromov deems Stalin "indulgent of romanticism" in cinema but not in literature or theater, "old-fashioned" toward painting but alive to caricature (albeit not of himself), expectant of architecture but unsure of the desired forms. Clear?

Like Kremlinologists in other realms, cultural figures had to puzzle through the shifting editorials, reviews, and omissions in the press and follow the rumor mills. True, they passed time with editors, censors, and interrogators, but these officials' command of the new aesthetics may have been no better than their own. The political leash was taut, but the ambitious were rabid. Cultural figures helped to "clarify" cultural policy in mutual recriminations. "They endlessly sought to establish who among them was the brightest light," Gromov writes, "and who had sinned in the fashion of some such 'ism.'" We might add that Soviet-era artists revealed their creativity not just in their mutual denunciations, which Stalin used for his own purposes, but also in their stretched invocations of his name. The key concepts of the time, Gromov concludes, were "People are saying ..." and "signals." Socialist realism was a dangerous, sly subterfuge, an "art" of attack, persecution, and survival.

III.

NOW THAT THE SOVIET PLANNED economy has collapsed, we can finally examine why it lasted so long. Paul R. Gregory's book makes the problem seem as paradoxical as ever. The five-year plans were never operational, Gregory points out, agreeing with Eugene Zaleski's analysis of a quarter-century ago. It turns out, however, that accompanying quarterly plans did not guide the economy either, since they came out ex post facto, as did the vaunted industrial-financial plans of each enterprise. Already in the 1930s, moreover, investment decisions among industries ossified, since they were justified not in terms of forward-looking strategies but "historical experiences." If that were not enough, even as factories' urgent pleas for capital repairs were routinely repulsed, endless new construction was greenlighted only to end up unfinished. Stalin and his entourage bum-rushed one-sixth of the earth into this economic cul-de-sac, Gregory explains, because peasants had hesitated to sell grain to the state at low prices, threatening to "hold the industrialization program hostage." But "it was the industrial workers who ended up, ironically, with this power," Gregory notes of the Soviet proletariat's high turnover, absenteesim, and slacking. Moreover, a quarter of a million party members were expelled between 1939 and 1952 for embezzlement. And far from every thief managed to get into the party.

IF THIS SOUNDS FAMILIAR, IT IS. What have the new archives taught us? For that we have to turn to *Behind the Façade of Stalin's Command Economy*, a useful volume of essays edited by Gregory. Perhaps the best contribution, by R.W. Davies, examines the recurring, unrealized, secret internal proposals to reform the planning system. When the First Five-Year Plan was giving way to the Second, in 1932–1933, the People's Commissariat of Heavy Industry suggested abandoning centralized allocation for markets in materials and machinery, meaning real prices (while retaining state ownership). This far-reaching idea came to naught. Then, during the war, when Stalin asked A. G. Zverev to prepare a currency reform, the former textile worker turned finance minister located a surviving real economist, who wrote a long memorandum arguing that subsidies should be abolished and "all industries and every kind of output should make a stable profit." (For the archives.) Twenty years later, these proposals resurfaced in the reforms of Alexei Kosygin in the 1960s, which were truncated, and twenty years after that under Mikhail Gorbachev, when market-style mechanisms were finally legalized on a wide scale and planning came unhinged.

Even as these serial internal reform proposals to introduce market incentives into planning went nowhere, illegal quasi-markets had sprung into existence from the get-go. And alongside the legalized peasant markets and household plots, this shadow activity was the vital grease. Infamously, factories reported inventory they did not produce (so-called *tufta*), thereby collecting bonuses, but they also produced usable goods that they did not report, to have something to trade. In other words, the humongous wastage under the rubrics "unrepairable," "defective," or "lost" was itself partly fakery: some defective goods and

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machines were perfectly good, but put aside to be bartered. In the face of such wheeling and dealing, the once-secret archives come up short. "We do not know how many enterprise employees worked in supply and distribution, but the number must have been large," Gregory notes in his monograph's appendix. "It is exactly these resources that replaced the market in an administrative-command system." Here we begin to see an answer to the mystery of the planned economy's endurance.

Staggering in the magnitude of its day-to-day execution, planning was impossible, and yet it was practiced. Gregory's book reveals that the Politburo planned not in physical units (e.g., tons), as had been assumed, but in terms of the size and the distribution of the investment budget. Then it was up to the state ministries. But Stalin got carky that middling types, some of bourgeois origin, were making critical decisions and that he was losing "control." So voluminous reporting was mandated, bequeathing the vast economic archives that we have today. (Producers generated virtually all Soviet economic data.) But the planners were the ones who lost control. They worked endlessly to specify all Soviet production and all distribution down to the precise unit for axles and hosiery, and then proved powerless to prevent horizontal transactions in these goods and everything else.

To be sure, the ample running room afforded by quasi-markets to fulfill the plan and/or enrich oneself has long been appreciated, thanks to the exposés of the Soviet periodical press and of émigrés. But—and this is something that the unremittingly hostile Gregory has trouble admitting—the Plan (socialism) turns out to have been more than a "façade." The Plan helped bind together the Union, in part because the latter, not the republics, owned most of the country's property. The Plan was also an advertisement. Above all, though, the Plan's galvanizing numerical targets were maintained as an organizing framework to mobilize colossal resources for certain ends, such as winning the biggest armed conflict in world history and making atomic bombs. It was a bludgeon. And yet the Plan's targets spurred domestic producers to shove back relentlessly for "adjustments" (downward for output, upward for supplies), and this jockeying devoured time and resources, as the snarling paper trails attest. Still, what looked like propaganda costing more than it was worth provided an elaborate signaling system about priorities and status amid perpetual uncertainty.

Signals! Managers were despots in their locales, but each strained to find out what "they" (in Moscow) were saying. Shifts in their output targets or supply quotas, even when no "message" was intended, might be read as loss of a protector high up, or maybe as a provocation: be careful not to accept or reject the changes! Everyone, at all levels, concealed information, and despite inspections and tattling, almost everyone had a murky picture of what was out there. ("The army knew exactly how many weapons it was getting," writes Mark Harrison, in the Gregory edited volume, of the military's unique ability to overcome the deception, adding that the hyper-secrecy still blocked army types who needed to know from having access to their own hard-won data.) Ministry functionaries no less than factory bosses had to intuit which of the non-stop directives and threats to ignore and for how long, and what to do in the umpteen

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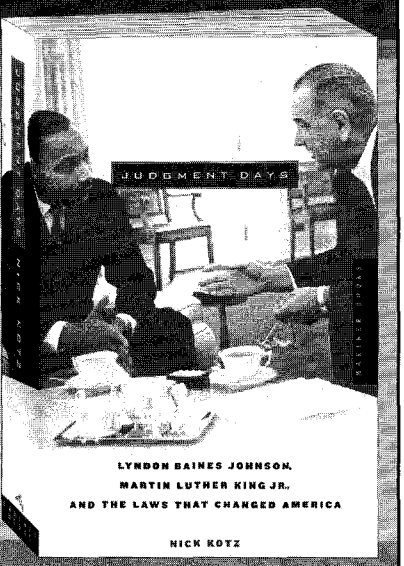

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instances for which instructions were lacking. In short, in the economy no less than in culture, people had to be Kremlinologists.

IV.

STALIN HAS TORMENTED HIS biographers, who in turn have passed on the experience to readers. Boris Souvarine's perceptive *Staline* (1935), aptly subtitled "*aperçu historique*," appeared before the sweeping terror, war, and cold war. Trotsky (1939) knew Stalin intimately but failed to take the autodidact seriously. Isaac Deutscher (1949) took Stalin seriously but did not come to know him, finding him a mere vacillator. Khrushchev's denunciation in 1956 of Stalin's monstrosity oddly reinforced the Trotskyite diminishment of the person. Djilas's conversations (1962) amounted to a God-that-failed confessional. As for Anglophone biographers, because they are foreign to conspiracy as a way of life, they have generally knotted themselves up over whether Stalin was mad.

Amid these varied failings in the literature on Stalin, the principal challenge was habitually presented as the inaccessibility of key sources, rather than the biographers' imaginative limits. But Robert Tucker (1973)—who as an employee at the American embassy in Moscow absorbed nine years of the late Stalinist atmosphere, which put him in mind of Russia in the sixteenth century—partly outwitted Soviet secrecy by applying psychological theory to Stalin. And Adam Ulam (1973) used *belles lettres* and conjecture to enrich his analysis of the tyrant's motives in a sweeping man-and-era overview. Ronald Hingley (1974) grasped Stalin's intelligence and his hand in cultural affairs, albeit producing a pastiche. Robert McNeal (1988) rediscovered Stalin's role in October and the civil war in a summing-up of the general post-Trotskyite re-evaluation of the dictator on what proved to be the eve of the archival rush. First in was Dmitri Volkogonov (1991), an officer demoted to the lowly post of running the military archives, who mined the secret documents on Stalin to open up the incomparable vastness of World War II as well as his own tortured soul. Then Edvard Radzinsky (1996), a playwright, sifted through the treasure trove to attempt a study in character, forgettably. Simon Sebag Montefiore (2003), with the new materials, artfully enhanced Svetlana Stalin's portrayal of the Stalinist court and grafted it onto Robert Conquest's terror template, then doused the coupling with musk. (Yes, Stalin and the "magnates" had penises, and they used them.)

Pain Thinks of Wind

without radiance pressing a window's
glass searching the neck the wrist for name
& address searching the back of an ear
the finger-tip & nail the metal stem Pain
thinks of wind without helix & auricle
without first & last half-light without
morning without the beginning or end
of morning Pain thinks of wind without
light without inch of glass without air
return without sound the cochlea's
wall Pain thinks of a window the wind
the miniature gold scroll pressed to the ear.

LAURIE LAMON

SUCH HAS BEEN THE SCANTINESS of this vast genre. Robert Service's *Stalin*, the latest to use the new sources, returns the spotlight from private parts to high politics. It also shifts the decisive episodes from World War II or the terror back to the early revolutionary era, when Service argues Stalin won power as a man of action, not of the desk. The author of the acclaimed multi-volume *Lenin*, Service excels in depicting the instrumentalism between founder and protégé ("People like him," Lenin enthused of Stalin, "are exactly what I need"). Service also understands that the ballyhooed Lenin-Stalin spat in 1922, over nationality affairs and what became the USSR, was not "fundamental," contrary to tenacious myth.

But with Lenin's death in 1924, Stalin's life begins to flag. This results from Service's lesser expertise in the later period, and from the nature of his argument. "No one acquainted with Stalin in 1918–19," he writes of civil war mayhem and treachery, "should have been surprised by his later 'development.'" That would mean—contrary to Tucker, Montefiore, and the evidence—that the suicide of Stalin's second wife Nadya in 1932 amid the profound internal crisis caused by the famine only served, as Service asserts, "to push [Stalin] down a road he had been traveling his whole life." Lazar Kaganovich, an apparatchik who knew Stalin intimately over a very long period, said late in life that Stalin "must be assessed according to the time, the period; there were several Stalins.... Before 1932 he was utterly different. He changed. I saw at least five or six Stalins."

Be that as it may, with a fully formed protagonist in 1918–1919 Service has a longer march to the urine-soaked corpse in 1953 than Mao had from Hunan to Beijing. He covers the milestones of Stalin's middle and late rule, but ploddingly. Stalin drove "the vehicle of terror," he writes in what emerges as a kind of signature style. "Sometimes the battery was flat ... on other occasions the plugs were too damp.... But in fact the vehicle was roadworthy." He compares the Soviet leader to Al Capone, also a gangster, but not one who presided over the production of nuclear weapons or 180 million copies of books of fiction and poetry in a year.

"History," Service grandly concludes, "seldom gives unambiguous lessons, but this is one of them": do not look for "monsters," because unspeakable criminality is compatible with "ordinary" behavior, like singing at dinner parties. In fact, Stalin's mélange of sadism and charm always struck me as less mysterious than how a regime could butcher en masse its own party and state officialdom, its cultural elites, its military officer corps, and then its secret police—and carry on. The answer is to be found in conspiracy.

V.

RICHARD OVERY'S BOOK OFfers a welcome analysis of how totalitarianism actually worked, juxtaposing the Nazis and the Soviets, a comparison that these two regimes themselves obsessively engaged in. A Germanist and the author of the best single volume in print on the eastern front in World War II, Overy is less surefooted on Soviet territory, but he breaks new ground exploring the two countries' prewar arms race. He also rightfully insists that both dictators can be appreciated only in relation to the millions who believed in, profited from, or outwardly complied with their rule. Importantly, Overy elucidates differences as well as similarities between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. And

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yet he does not fathom the full depths of the foremost distinction: namely, even as many German communists who abandoned their party thrived under the Nazis, *loyal* communists in the Soviet Union were slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands. Every Soviet inhabitant was, in Nazi terms, a potential Jew.

Hitler's decapitation of the S.A. stormtrooper leadership impressed Stalin—"What a *molodets*," Stalin exclaimed to his comrades. "Just brilliant. For that you need the gift!" (*Molodets* can be loosely translated as "bloke.") But fewer than one hundred people were murdered during the Night of the Long Knives. Could Hitler, had he been so inclined, have compelled the arrest or the execution of almost all his provincial Gauleiters and their staffs—several times over—plus huge columns of Nazi factory and farm management, much of Nazi central ministries, tens of thousands of Wehrmacht officers including almost the entire high command, the Reich's diplomatic and espionage corps, its celebrated cultural figures, and the leadership of Nazi parties throughout the world (had they existed), and then have annihilated the Gestapo after it had carried out such phenomenal bloodletting? Could the German population have been told, and would it have found plausible, that almost everyone who came to power with the Nazi revolution had turned out to have been a saboteur and a foreign agent?

Consider a young officer of Stalin's NKVD—part of the detail that conducted surveillance on Comintern bigwigs such as Georgi Dimitrov—who fell into Nazi hands in 1941. He stupefied his captors with the plots supposedly twisting throughout the Soviet Union, and then, despite an eagerness to ingratiate himself, he sharply rebuked the Germans' skepticism. The Soviet representative even insisted that he knew better than German intelligence the disposition of German spies inside the Soviet Union. "The young officer's propensity to see a complicated web of conspiracies at the center of Soviet politics had obviously more than a few things to do with his training at the NKVD," observed the historian Gábor Rittersporn, who discovered the case in the German archives. But Rittersporn goes on to point out that many ordinary Soviets who ended up abroad evinced a mentality suffused with ubiquitous subversion and concealed enemies.

The Soviet world was one of shadows and lies behind the scenes, too (which has significant implications for the interpretation of secret archives). Communism was not just secretive; it was conspiratorial. It was, in fact, a conspiracy. The planned economy functioned like a conspiracy. Socialist realist culture was a conspiracy. And politics, above all, was a conspiracy. Oppositional plots were unknown until they were unmasked, but just because they had yet to be discovered did not mean they did not exist. And it was this sense of "omnipresent conspiracy," to use Rittersporn's phrase, that rendered unavoidable the omnipresent Kremlinology.

Indeed, marshaling the kindred sensibility of Joe McCarthy, one could call Stalin's Soviet Union "a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous venture in the history of man." Stalin intensified these spectral tendencies of communism as the ultimate conspirator. He was also the central Kremlinologist. Peter Deriabin recounts how those coming off duty were debriefed with special reference to elite family quarrels, "meetings" (groups of two) that transpired out of Stalin's sight, and all references to the tyrant. "I pay attention to disagreements, to disputes, why they arose, what's going on," Stalin once told his minister of communications. "But they try to hide them from me."

VI.

WHENCE THIS PHANTASMAGORIC world? The answer, to the extent the question has been recognized, has been Marxism-Leninism, as in the work of the late Martin Malia. A complementary aspect emerges in Richard Pipes's *The Degaev Affair: Terror and Treason in Tsarist Russia*, one of the best works of Russian history in a long time. Succinctly and elegantly, Pipes tells the story of a University of South Dakota mathematician named Alexander Pell, who betrayed and destroyed the world's first systematic terrorist organization. A beloved teacher and zealous football fan, the naturalized Pell, who spoke with a Russian accent, informed his American colleagues that he had once been a "nihilist," leaving it at that. In fact, the future mathematician, born in Moscow in 1857 as Sergei Degaev, was an original adept of the People's Will, a secret society comprising conspiratorial cells and dedicated to what was called "disorganization"—using violence to demonstrate the Russian regime's vulnerability and incite the masses to revolution. Some two dozen hardcore members of the People's Will plotted and carried out the 1881 assassination of Czar Alexander II. Degaev seems to have been among the logisticians supporting the killers. (Pipes pointedly suggests that much of Russian society, and its youth in particular, impatient with the autocracy, sympathized with the terrorists.)

Enter Lieutenant-Colonel Gregory Sudeikin. Unable, owing to his pedigree, to aspire to the elite guards regiments (a preserve of the nobility), Sudeikin joined the gendarmes. He rose to the top, becoming responsible for the safety of the monarch and the elite. To forestall the new terrorism, rather than merely to prosecute terrorists, Sudeikin perfected "active measures," a strategy of infiltration and subversion. He recruited agents among the terrorists to plant suspicion in their ranks, set them at one another's throats, spread false rumors, and discredited their high-profile actions by attributing them to police provocations (which sometimes they were).

Sudeikin allowed terrorists under surveillance to continue their dirty work, up to murder, as he traced the full extent of their networks. The corrupt among them he sought to recruit with money or blandishments; the naïve, with appeals to idealism or common cause (fighting the autocracy from within, through him, since terror could only be sporadic and was ineffective). The terrorists played the game for their own ends, "cooperating" to infiltrate double agents into the police—or at least that's what they told their suspicious associates. Ultimately, Sudeikin schemed to replace the actual People's Will terrorist group with a completely police-sponsored organization under the identical name. He succeeded.

"IN THE SUMMER OF 1883, UNknown to his superiors as well as to the People's Will," Pipes writes in a chapter titled "The Police Run the Revolution," Sudeikin used Degaev's resentments and ambitions to take over Russia's most revolutionary organization—appointing its executive committee, writing its proclamations, directing its activities, and then arresting nearly its entire underground. (Imagine, say, the CIA re-establishing the Islamic Caliphate, and making it credible by perpetrating terrorist acts, to attract and thereby identify terrorists.)

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Inevitably, when his promotion failed to materialize, the resentful Sudeikin decided to employ his new instrument for his own ends—to assassinate his *bête noire*, the interior minister, an aristocrat. The dénouement, which Pipes narrates skillfully, is too good to give away.

Suffice it to say that gendarmes and terrorists became for all intents and purposes indistinguishable. Sudeikin, fearing assassination, "carried several passports, all in different names, wore different uniforms, [and] maintained several residences, which he would abandon after a few weeks"—just like the conspirators he targeted. To maintain his terrorist-spies' cover, he proposed and then helped them carry out revolutionary acts. Thus did it happen that czarist secret agents threw the terrorists' bombs. In the double- and triple-crossing, no one knew whose side anyone was on. That is what took over the state in 1917, and became a millenarian and a conspiratorial dictatorship predicated on Kremlinology for its very operation. ■

Adam Kirsch

Subject and Object

THE POEMS OF
CHARLES REZNIKOFF 1918–1975
Edited by Seamus Cooney
(Black Sparrow Press, 445 pp., $21.95)

IN FEBRUARY 1931, HARRIET Monroe, then the editor of *Poetry* magazine, made the latest in a long series of surrenders to the judgment of Ezra Pound. Pound, who in the 1910s had prevailed on Monroe to print T. S. Eliot against her better judgment, now convinced her to hand over that month's issue of *Poetry* to Louis Zukofsky, a twenty-six-year-old poet who had become one of Pound's favorite protégés. Zukofsky, having learned from Pound both the poetics of modernism and the value of a brand name, declared this the "Objectivist Issue," thereby fusing into a movement a disparate group of young poets, including himself, Carl Rakosi, George Oppen, and above all Charles Reznikoff. The essay in which Zukofsky set out the principles of the putative movement was titled "Sincerity and Objectification: With Special Reference to the Work of Charles Reznikoff."

This manifesto left readers no doubt that the Objectivists were up to something important, though exactly what was by no means clear. "In sincerity," Zukofsky wrote, "writing occurs which is the detail, not mirage, of seeing, of thinking with the things as they exist, and of directing them along a line of melody. Shapes suggest themselves, and the mind senses and receives awareness.... This rested totality may be called objectification—the apprehension satisfied completely as to the appearance of the art form as an object." This high-handed, intellectually mediocre pronouncement sounded authoritative enough to earn "Objectivism" a permanent place in twentieth-century literary history. Forty years later, when Charles Reznikoff was asked to submit an entry for a reference work on contemporary poets, he led with his ace: " 'Objectivist,' images clear but the meaning not stated but suggested by the objective details and the music of the verse; words pithy and plain; without the artifice of regular meters; themes, chiefly Jewish, American, urban."

By putting the label in quotes, however, Reznikoff manages to claim it and to disclaim it at once. The way he goes on to describe his technique—"the meaning not stated but suggested by the objective details"—is not just infinitely more lucid than Zukofsky's formulas. It is also a good summary of the essence of modern verse regardless of "ism," equally applicable to Frost as to Pound. And it makes clear that Objectivism was really just a re-statement of Pound's Imagism, whose own, much pithier credo had appeared in *Poetry* back in 1913: "An 'image' is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time."

Reznikoff had read Pound's Imagist manifesto when it first appeared. In the fragmentary essay "Obiter Dicta," found among Reznikoff's papers when he died in 1976 and included as an appendix to this new edition of his poetry, he quotes the famous strictures of Pound's essay "A Few Don'ts": "to use ... no word that does not contribute to the presentation ... as regards rhythm, to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in the sequence of a metronome." Reznikoff acknowledges that "I have always thought of these rules [of free verse] in connection with Pound—who certainly publicized them." Again, however, Reznikoff carefully signals the limits of his endorsement. The aesthetic that Pound "publicized" he neither invented nor owned. The distaste for Victorian rhetoric, the longing for a harder and more concrete style, the openness to urban life were everywhere in the American poetry of the 1910s. And the poems that Reznikoff wrote over his sixty-year career are significantly unlike Pound's. To read them as contributions to an avant-garde formalist movement, as they have always been read, is to miss their true pathos and their deep appeal.

Above all, reading Reznikoff as a post- or sub-Poundian Objectivist makes it impossible to understand his work's constant, multi-faceted concern with Jewishness. This is not just because of the obvious incongruity between Pound's insane anti-Semitism and Reznikoff's deliberate, at times over-earnest cultivation of Jewishness in his verse, though that irony is stark enough. More significant is the fact that Objectivism, like the high Modernism from which it springs, values the impersonal and the fragmentary, while Reznikoff is so often concerned with family and national history. This tension is reflected in his lifelong alternation between very different modes: Imagist observation, memoir, and didactic glosses on the Bible and Jewish history.

The seeming incompatibility between these styles is only heightened by Reznikoff's refusal to acknowledge it. When he published his first selected poems, *By the Waters of Manhattan*, in 1962, Reznikoff retroactively turned his individual collections into sequences, replacing titles with consecutive numbers. Seamus Cooney, Reznikoff's editor at Black Sparrow Press in the 1970s, continues the same practice in this new edition, numbering each sequence with informal arabic numerals and printing several short poems on a page. This strategy, natural and effective when it means

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welding many short poems into a substantial whole, also results in some awkwardness, when poems of very different kinds are run together. In the volume *Inscriptions: 1944–1956* (1959), for instance, poem 1 is a biblically cadenced lament for the Holocaust that fills three pages, while poem 2 is a casual jotting of eight short lines. Did Reznikoff really make no categorical distinction between these very different poems? And even if he did not, should we?

It is Reznikoff's Imagist or Objectivist verse for which he is best known, and these poems remain his indispensable literary achievement. In his very first volume, *Rhythms*, self-published in 1918, the twenty-four-year-old poet has already gone a long way toward inventing this style, though he is still hampered by vestigial rhyme and adolescent sentimentality:

> The stars are hidden,
> the lights are out;
> the tall black houses
> are ranked about....
>
> I have walked until
> I am faint and numb;
> from one dark street
> to another I come.

This is poor enough, but it already shows Reznikoff in what will be the characteristic posture of his best poetry: the solitary walker in an urban landscape. It also shows traces of the concision and concreteness that are his badges of modernity.

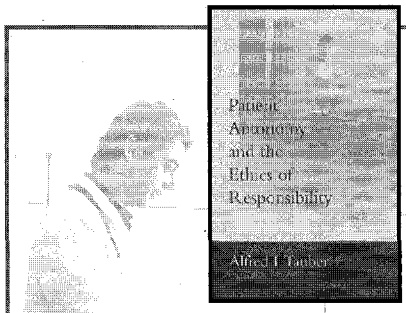
His first poetic enthusiasms, as he writes in a late, memoiristic poem, were Nineties Symbolists ("the new men—new to us—/Francis Thompson, Arthur Symons, and Ernest Dowson"), and he describes his first efforts in verse as "sonnets/and ... French confectionery." Already in *Rhythms*, he has largely emancipated himself from these influences, replacing them with the sharp vignettes of Pound: "I met in a merchant's place/Diana:/lithe body and flowerlike face." And by the next year, when Reznikoff produced his second small collection, *Rhythms II*, he had become still more confident in his Imagism, venturing to conjure a whole story or place in three lines or less.

Sometimes these poems sound like haikus, as though Reznikoff were trying to reproduce a familiar Japanese melancholy: "It rains./The elms curve into clouds of twigs./The lawns are empty." But he is also beginning to find his own novel use for the imagist fragment, turning it into a chronicler of his own time and place. The poem titled "Epidemic" describes an afflicted turn-of-the-century neighborhood in one glimpse: "Streamers of crepe idling before doors." Another condenses an immigrant mother's passivity and ambition into three lines: "She who worked patiently,/her children grown,/lies in her grave patiently."

In other words, Reznikoff's Objectivism was, from the beginning, never purely perceptual or linguistic, after the manner of Pound's famous "In a Station of the Metro." It was emphatically situated in the poet's urban, lower-middle-class, Jewish milieu, serving to document that world as it appeared to one of its ambivalent inhabitants. Reznikoff's own personality, too, is never entirely absent from even his most condensed poems: his images are austere, but not with that kind of high-modernist austerity. Rather, the pieces of the world that Reznikoff sees function as objective correlatives of his temperament—melancholic, sensitive, unassuming, yet with flashes of anger and resentment. The reader comes to know Reznikoff's personality quite as distinctly in his poems as, say, Philip Larkin's; indeed, the two are more similar than might be expected from their very different backgrounds and techniques. Reznikoff, too, often writes about the difficulty of safeguarding the inner life from the world of work:

> Still much to read, but too late.
> I turn out the light.
>
> The leaves of the tree are green
> beside the street-lamp;
> the wind hardly blows and the tree
> makes no noise.
>
> Tomorrow up early,
> the crowded street-car, the factory.

Even when he is not writing explicitly about himself, Reznikoff's poetry is quietly expressive; he is not and does not want to be a camera or a transparent eyeball. As he wrote in "Obiter Dicta," "Effective writing in verse is *always* an expression of the writer's feelings, but it may be direct or indirect"; and Rez-



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nikoff is more effective indirectly than most poets are directly.

THE REAL MEASURE OF REZNIkoff's skill is the way he can sift and assemble the most seemingly "Objectivist" details in order to create a kind of self-portrait. Every time Reznikoff sees something—a cityscape, an effect of light on water, snowfall or nightfall—he tacitly allows us to see him seeing it. Starting in adolescence, Cooney notes, he would regularly walk as many as twenty miles a day; if Alfred Kazin had not already claimed the title, Reznikoff's collected poems could easily have been called "A Walker in the City." Reading through the *Poems* leaves a strong impression of the poet on his expeditions through New York, restless activity cloaking his acute passiveness. The plunder of these poetic expeditions can be as brief as a line or two:

> The cold wind and black fog and
> the noise of the sea.
>
> The twigs tinge the winter sky
> brown.
>
> This smoky winter morning—
> do not despise the green jewel
> shining among the twigs
> because it is a traffic light.

As that last example shows, Reznikoff conceives his search for natural beauty in New York City as a salvage operation. Making do with the limited, tarnished splendors available in the city is rather like learning to enjoy the flavor of ersatz butter during wartime rationing, and Reznikoff's poetry is designed to help us acquire that sweet-sour taste: "The sun shining on the little waves of the bay, the little leaves of the hedge—/with these I school myself to be content."

Standing in the way of a fuller, more beautiful life is not just the city and its poverty, and not just the necessity of working for a living, which Reznikoff always sees as a kind of indignity: "In the morning my mind had been like a spool of cotton;/now all the thread had been stitched away at my job/and only the wooden spool was left." Above all, Reznikoff's vision is shadowed by his natural suspicion and deep pessimism. This temperamental inclination is reinforced by the humanity that Reznikoff sees all around him, and by his study of history, especially Jewish history. The title of his 1941 collection, *Going To and Fro and Walking Up and Down*, slyly compares his own observations of mankind to those of Satan in the book of Job: "And the Lord said unto Satan, 'Whence comest thou?' Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.' "

REZNIKOFF SPENT HIS EARLY years in Jewish slum neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and his writing—like the writing of all those who knew them firsthand—is totally disinclined to romanticize them. His ironic praise of Brownsville, in the late sequence "Early History of a Writer," is simply that, unlike in Gentile slums, he doesn't have to be afraid of getting beaten up for being Jewish:

> In Brownsville I felt completely safe.
> I walked along its pavements utterly
> at ease.
> Nobody, I knew, would hurt me or
> shout a name at me
> merely because I was a Jew;
> and, as I looked about at the mean
> buildings and dingy shopwindows,
> for it was, mostly, a quarter of poor
> people,
> I could cry aloud with Balaam:
> How goodly are thy tents, O Israel!

If the most obvious menace in Reznikoff's Jewish city comes from outsiders, however, that is not to say that all is cozy at home. Rather, like Kazin, Henry Roth, Delmore Schwartz, and other chroniclers of the first-generation Jewish-American experience, Reznikoff insists on the anxiety and poverty of immigrant lives, and on the parents' punishing ambitions for their children. Starting with *Uriel Acosta: A Play & A Fourth Group of Verse* (1921), and frequently thereafter, Reznikoff turns away from Objectivism to provide a series of anecdotes on these themes:

> Once a friend had turned a poem of
> his into Hebrew. It was printed in
> a Hebrew magazine. He showed it
> to his father, and his father showed
> it around to the neighbors.
> After dinner his father said,
> "Business has been good, thank
> God. I have saved over a thousand
> dollars this year. How have you
> been doing?"
> "Well." "But I hear that you need
> money, that you're trying to borrow
> some?" "Yes." His father paused.
> "I hope you get it."

The hero of any Saul Bellow novel would recognize that unforgiving father. And if Reznikoff's most significant work is his short, concrete verse, one of the large pleasures of reading this new volume is owed to his looser, quasi-fictional, quasi-memoiristic writing. Especially toward the end of his life—as in *By the Well of Living and Seeing* (1969)—Reznikoff's long free verse lines verge on prose, and he is more interested in telling stories than in creating objective correlatives. But they are good stories, worth hearing, and they offer a sharp sense of Reznikoff's New York: stories about bad mothers, angry husbands, dissatisfied employees, lonely immigrants, all playing out their little dramas in public.

REZNIKOFF'S BLEAKLY COMIC sense of human nature found its fullest expression in the documentary poem *Testimony* (1965), a book-length work not included in the *Poems*. Even to call it a poem may be a mistake, raising expectations that it does not mean to satisfy. Reznikoff preferred to call it a "recitative," and his authorial contribution is simply to arrange his source materials in spare, well-paced free verse lines. The brilliance of *Testimony* comes entirely from Reznikoff's selection of those materials—American court records from 1885 to 1915, which the poet first began to explore while working as an editor for a legal encyclopedia in the early 1930s. (Reznikoff graduated from New York University Law School in 1915, but practiced for less than a year.)

From these dusty archives, Reznikoff extracted vignettes and anecdotes to create a wonderfully disillusioned portrait of the American character. William Carlos Williams, himself sometimes associated with the Objectivists, famously wrote that "the pure products of America go crazy." In *Testimony*, however, Reznikoff makes a strong case that the pure products of America are bullies, drunks, and clumsy fools. In choosing cases to recount, Reznikoff generally avoids real tragedies and tabloid-style murders, preferring to focus on the small change of the courts: brawls, accidents, domestic disputes. Take this story, wryly

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placed by Reznikoff in a section titled "Social Life":

Mrs. Eller told her to take them
and get out of the house
and stay out.

Mrs. Farborough did go out
but soon returned with a stone—
as large as her fist—
which she held under her apron
and sat down,
remarking that she intended to stay
a while
just for aggravation.

Or this compact history of a marriage:

She wanted as a medicine what was
called "Extract of Lettuce."
He took an empty bottle and
pretended to get it
but filled the bottle instead with
foul water
taken from a tub that stood outside
the house.
After she had used it,
she said she was much benefited,
and he told her where he got it.

It is stories like these that set the tone for *Testimony*, so that even when Reznikoff deals with real disasters—railway accidents, industrial injuries, murders—they seem to be expressions of the same American contrariness, the same chuckling misanthropy. (The key to the "Extract of Lettuce" story is the wife's insistence that "she was much benefited," which makes her not just a victim but a sucker.) *Testimony* is too long—it comprises two volumes in the Black Sparrow edition of 1978–1979—and loses some editorial focus as it goes on, but it deserves to be read. It really is like no other book; and it helps to define Reznikoff's emotional terrain, even if it does not greatly matter to his reputation as a poet.

ALL THE STRENGTHS OF REZNIKOFF'S best work—the resonant observations of the lyrics, the unsentimental honesty of the anecdotes, the black comedy of "Testimony"—combine to make his most anomalous poems even more problematic. These are the poems on Jewish history, which, because they tend to be much longer and more discursive than his lyrics, take up a disproportionate amount of space in the *Poems*.

While there can be no doubt of the good intentions behind these poems, they leave Reznikoff sounding official and hortatory in a way that a poet should never be. The volume *In Memoriam: 1933* (1934) re-tells seven episodes from Jewish history, each showing the Jews stoically overcoming obstacles, and each drawing an obvious parallel with the situation of contemporary American Jewry. The exiles in wealthy Babylon, for instance, are clearly the Jews in twentieth-century America, tempted by assimilation:

exiles by the quiet waters and willows
of Babylon;
but for us the noise of battle,
not the battle itself,
is over; there is no shouting of soldiers
to warn us; no arrows; no shrieks
of the wounded;
only the suction
of this city
to pull us off our feet
until the remnant of Judah—
Jerusalem and our God
forgotten—
are particles in the dust of Babylon,
like others thousands and tens of
thousands
Babylon has taken.

The counter-force to this secular "suction," Reznikoff writes, is an ethical mission conceived in anodyne Reform Jewish terms:

... we must build in Babylon
another Zion
of precepts, laws, ordinances and
commandments
to outlast stone or metal,
between every Jew and the fury or
blandishment of any land—

IN *INSCRIPTIONS* (1959), HIS FIRST book after World War II, which appeared after an eighteen-year hiatus from print, Reznikoff applies this same style to the events of the Holocaust, to which it is even less equal. By turning promptly and dutifully from the evil of the Holocaust to a renewed commitment to Jewish virtue ("out of the greatly wronged/a people teaching and doing justice"), Reznikoff's Holocaust litany seems terrified of actually coming to terms with what had just happened. Like most of his Jewish-history poems, it seems like an existential failure, written as though the poet himself were not implicated in the events he discusses, but merely pronouncing on them as a spokesman for Judaism. They are best considered, perhaps, as scripts for Hebrew-school pageants or radio propaganda plays, written dutifully to serve the community, but shunning the personal encounter between writer and subject that makes for a genuine poem.

The presence of these poems in Reznikoff's *Poems* feels like a category mistake, though the mistake was the poet's: he numbers them sequentially with his lyrics, as though they were all part of the same enterprise. In fact, what makes Reznikoff a significant Jewish poet is the same thing that makes him a significant poet: his successful representation in verse of a sensibility shaped by a particular "Jewish, American, urban" milieu. For Reznikoff, as for all true poets, the route to the universal begins in the local, and the best symbol is the most concrete:

Rooted among roofs, their smoke
among the clouds,
factory chimneys—our cedars of
Lebanon. ■

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On a Saturday evening in June 1835, a year after he had finished the text of what was to be Part I of *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote a letter to John Stuart Mill asserting his own philosophical affinities: "I love liberty by taste, equality by instinct and reason." Peering through the "spectacles" of his time, he grasped what was to pull him in both directions at once. But his spectacles were very clear; so he saw (and described) how history could be both cruel and beneficent. Though Tocqueville wrote much about France in particular and Europe in general, it was the United States that was his most significant point of moral and historical reference.

It has taken Bernard-Henri Lévy some time to write systematically about America, though he has been immersed in our culture and politics—internally and in their effect on the world—for many years. Moreover, all that he has written is suffused with that wrenching Tocquevillean tug between liberty and equality—the very drama of America, which is still the arbiter, for better or for worse (I think for better), of the new century. Many years ago, I took a course with J.P. Mayer, perhaps the greatest Tocqueville scholar of all and, as editor of the *Oeuvres completes*, certainly the one who opened more windows onto the intellectual journey of that idiosyncratic French aristocrat who virtually founded political sociology. It is as an amateur but ardent Tocquevillean that I can report that anybody reading *American Vertigo: Traveling America in the Footsteps of Tocqueville* who has also read *Democracy in America*, the *Recollections*, *The Old Regime*, and the correspondence will recognize the tropes and the concepts so deftly deployed by the learned Lévy.

So what in the world possessed *The New York Times Book Review* to ask Garrison Keillor to review Lévy's book? It did put the review on the front page, signaling that Lévy is someone with whom one must grapple. But Keillor cannot fathom the intellectual weight of Lévy's transaction between Tocqueville and the present. He is out of his league. There is no philosophical argument in his hostile review, only a litany of ridicule. Keillor is an American mythographer, the nostalgic and reverse-snobbish creator of Lake Wobegon, his hugely successful line in middlebrow American sentimentality and a much greater assault on America's gray matter than Lévy's reflective visits to Las Vegas and Dealey Plaza in Dallas. What does the inventor of "A Prairie Home Companion" know about the tradition in which Lévy is working? Suppose Sartre had followed Tocqueville to the United States and written about his journey. To whom should the *Times* have assigned its review? To Thornton Wilder? Yes, that's it: the author of *Our Town*. There's the connection: Tocqueville was fixated on small-town America, and many of the classic community studies of the early decades of the last century were written about places called Middletown and Elmtown, Plainville and Hilltown, Yankeetown and Southern Town, false names for actual polities with a few thousand souls. So maybe Keillor was actually an inspired choice. Why shouldn't a bird review an ornithologist?

Lévy came on his journey to the America of today not with false memory, but with acute eyes. He did not see what Tocqueville saw because that no longer exists. But he carried Tocqueville's queries and insights with him, the infrastructure of his effort. The fact is that no one can ask the permanent questions about America without having digested Tocqueville's answers. On issue after issue, Lévy deepens his understanding by filtering it through his predecessor's. On race, for example: Tocqueville saw that American blacks were submerged in "an abyss of evil." But he never saw a clear way out for them or for the country at large. Lévy, too, is baffled by the predicament—anyone who is not is a fool.

Lord Bryce, the author of *The American Commonwealth*, a great political text of the beginning of the last century, once observed, "Providence has under its special care children, idiots and the United States of America." Presumably, he was confounded by how little the United States looked like a singular nation, like a nation in Western Europe, at least until the colonized migrated across the borders and shores of the metropolitan powers, their revenge on imperialism itself. Lévy also is still struck by the mad diversity of America. But it does not puzzle him. Despite the periodic eruptions of phobias against nonwhite immigrants, immigration reform has done nothing to discourage Mexicans, Filipinos, Koreans. He also understands that their Americanization has been eased by the growth in work available for the brain—alas, there is very little remunerative work available for brawn.

Few names appear in Tocqueville, and those who do are of the likes of John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay. The sad truth is that our America, the America that Lévy has visited so many times, is more defined by its celebrities than by its public thinkers. This is reflected in *American Vertigo*, and I don't like some of Lévy's favorite celebrities, who are hardly notables or luminaries. Still, he argues with several intellectuals, fiercely and respectfully. The political philosopher Michael Walzer (one of my oldest friends and a TNR contributing editor) makes a grand appearance—though Lévy did not actually meet him until after completing the book. He is a hero of sorts, and a man of the democratic left.

Lévy is a true friend of the American experiment and a comrade in the American struggle against the barbarisms (Islamofascism among them) that now assault decent people everywhere. No, he was not "for" the war in Iraq. But he is on the right side of every fundamental issue that faces the advanced societies, whether they deal with how we treat our own or how we treat others—the victims of Darfur, for example. He really does act as his brother's keeper. Twenty-six years ago, I reviewed in these pages the book that brought Lévy to our attention, *Barbarism with a Human Face*. I thought it a brave book, and a cogent one, and I still do. *American Vertigo* is a volume of a different sort, less intense and certainly less angry. But he has taken on a no less difficult subject: the character of American society. Lévy's book about vertigo did not make me dizzy or giddy. It helped me to understand.

MARTIN PERETZ

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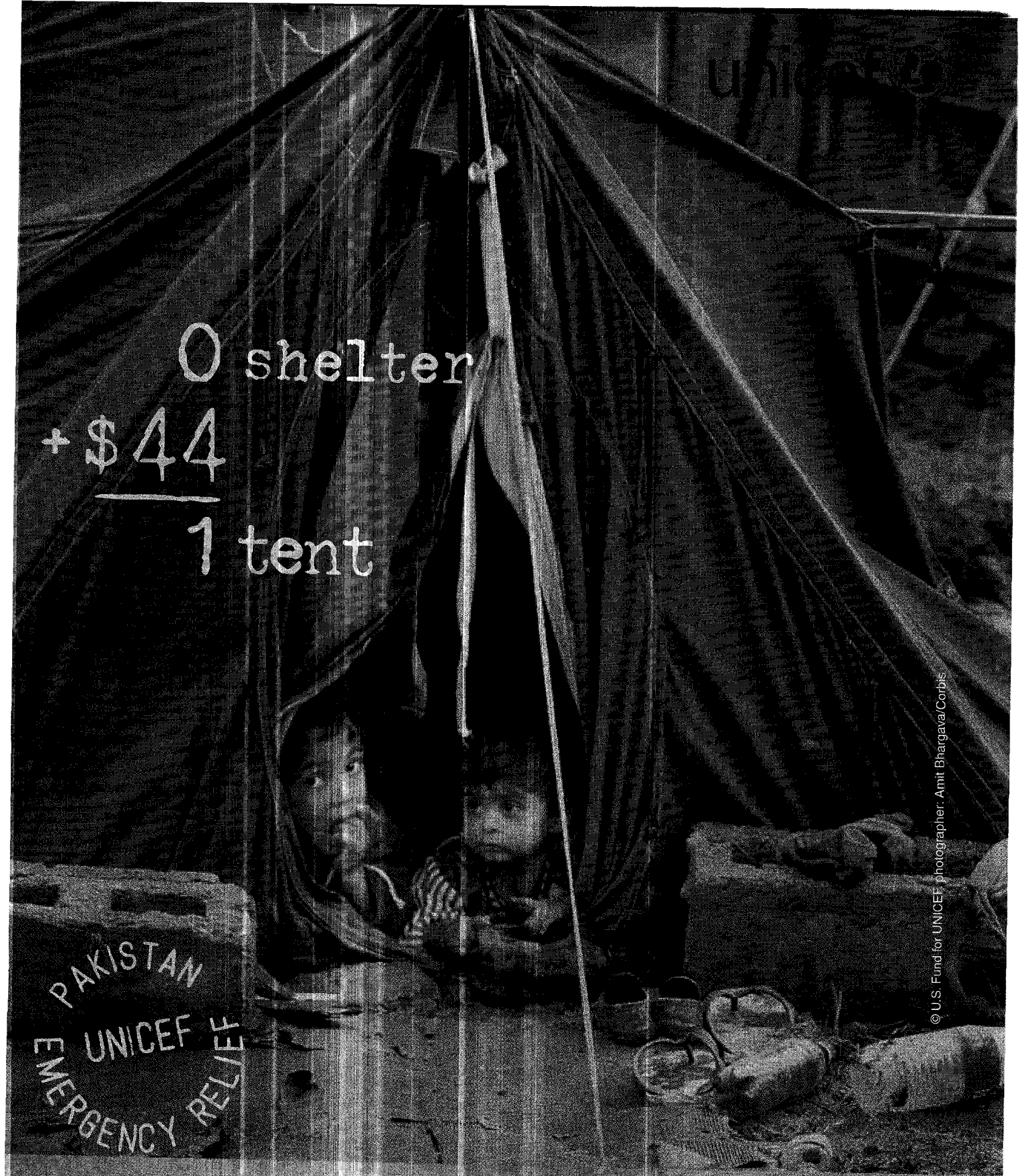

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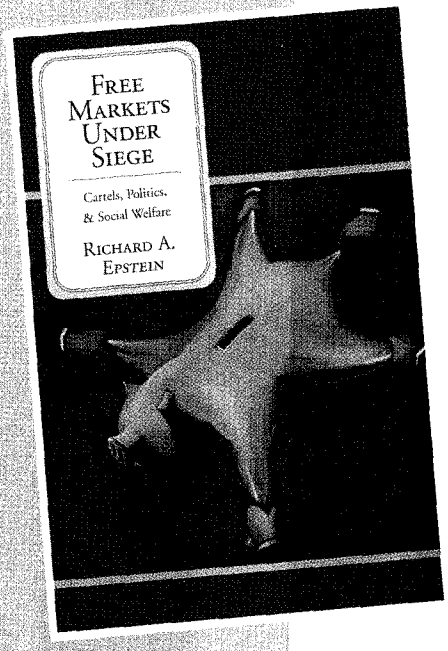

In this insightful book, Richard Epstein outlines the history of interplay between the constitutional doctrine and economic development and affirms the importance of competitive markets.

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With clarity, force, and wit, Epstein provides an illuminating analysis of some of the ways that special interest groups, with the help of sympathetic politicians, have been able to manipulate free markets in their favor. Focusing on two areas where government intervention has been persistent in both the United States and Western Europe—agriculture and the labor market—he makes a strong case for free trade as a way to mitigate, and perhaps eliminate altogether, the harmful effects of protecting various groups through domestic policies. He also demonstrates how the truly great social catastrophes come from a wholesale disrespect for individual liberty and a total contempt for private property and why there should never be compensation for losses incurred through the operation of competitive markets.

Rich in powerful insights, *Free Markets under Siege* can help us not only to understand the world better but to actually make every person in it better off—or capable of being so.

Richard A. Epstein is the James Parker Hall Distinguished Service Professor at the University of Chicago and the Peter and Kirsten Bedford Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution. He is one of the codirectors of the Law and Economics Program at the University of Chicago School of Law.

Hoover Press, 2005
2005, 82 pages, paper $15.00
ISBN: 0-8179-4612-8

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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